THE

British Heroine:

OR, AN

ABRIDGMENT

OF THE

Life and Adventures

OF

Mrs. *Christian Davis,*

COMMONLY CALL'D

MOTHER *ROSS;*

Who, in the Habit of a Man, ſerved as a *Foot-Soldier* and *Dragoon* in the ſeveral Campaigns under King WILLIAM and the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, and gave ſuch ſignal Proofs of her *Courage, Strength,* and *Dexterity,* as ſurpriz'd the whole Army; for which ſhe was often honoured with Preſents from the General Officers, and afterwards made a Penſioner of *Chelſea-College* by Queen ANNE, where ſhe continued till her Death, which happen'd on *July* 7, 1739.

The Whole being interſperſed with a conciſe Account of King WILLIAM and Queen ANNE's Wars.

By J. WILSON, *formerly a Surgeon in the Army.*

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MDCCXLIV.

CHARACTER
OF
Mrs. CHRISTIAN DAVIES.

MRS. *Chriſtian Davies*, commonly call'd *Mother Roſs*, was perhaps the moſt remarkable Perſon that this or any other Nation ever produc'd. In her Youth ſhe diſcover'd the trueſt Sentiments of Honour and Virtue, which ſhe cultivated and improved by a long Courſe of Experience and Obſervation. If we paſs over her once yielding to Mr. *Howel*'s preſſing Solicitations (for which the natural Weakneſs of her Sex and the Strength of the Temptation may be ſome Excuſe) we ſhall find the reſt of her Character without a Stain. View her in a married State: What can be a greater Proof of the ſincereſt Affection for her Huſband, than leaving her native Country, croſſing the Seas, and going through all the Fatigues and Hazards of a military Life in ſearch of him? After ſhe has found him, how inſeparably does ſhe attend him whether his Duty calls him, and expoſe herſelf to a thouſand Dangers merely to be near his Perſon! How immoderately does ſhe lament his Death, and even prejudice her own Health and endanger her Life by indulging an exceſſive Grief on that Occaſion! When her Sex is diſcover'd, how fre-

quently is her Virtue put to the Trial, but remains proof againſt all diſhonourable Attempts, even from Perſons of the higheſt Rank and Character! On her Return to her native Country, what an affecting Scene does her Interview with her aged Mother afford us! inſomuch that whilſt we behold the Parent and the Daughter mingling their Tears of Joy together, we can ſcarce forbear weeping with them. The moſt lively Deſcriptions our Novels and Romances give us of great and virtuous Ladies, are but a faint Reſemblance of this extraordinary Woman, who was in reality all that Fancy and Fiction have attributed to others. In Mrs. *Davies* we find Characters united, which in her Sex would be thought incompatible, did not her Example convince us of the contrary. She was a brave Soldier, a tender Mother, an affectionate Wife, a true Lover of her Country, and a Pattern of Patience under a continued Series of Misfortunes. In ſhort, ſhe was an Honour to the fair Sex, and highly worthy their Imitation.

J. PETER OBRIAN.

MUSEUM

THE

THE PREFACE.

THO' *many Paſſages in the following Hiſtory may appear very extraordinary and even incredible to thoſe who were never acquainted with Mrs.* Davies *and her manner of Life, yet I muſt beg Leave to aſſure my Readers, that I have had ſo ſtrict a Regard to Truth and Impartiality through the whole Piece, that nothing is inſerted but what I either knew myſelf to be Fact, or had from Authorities which I thought unqueſtionable. And in order to make the Hiſtory yet more compleat, and to*

remove any Objection that might be made to the Truth of it, I have carefully compar'd it with an Account that was taken from her own Mouth at ſeveral times while ſhe was at Chelſea, *then corrected by ſome Memoirs ſhe left behind her, and publiſh'd ſoon after her Death.*

But I think no Gentleman can queſtion the Authority of this Hiſtory, who has had the leaſt Acquaintance with the Officers of the Army under whom ſhe ſerv'd, or been converſant with the Newspapers of that Time, which all abound with the ſurprſing Exploits of our undaunted Heroine. Nor indeed can any Reaſon be aſſign'd, why we ſhould not as readily give Credit to what is related of her Valour abroad, as to that Account (which no body doubts) of her attacking the Highwayman on her Road to Weſt Cheſter, *ſhooting him,*

and

and carrying off his Horſe to Coventry, *which was afterwards given her by the Mayor of that City, with the Thanks of the Inhabitants, and a handſome Collection of Money into the bargain.*

The greateſt Objection that I have heard brought againſt her living ſo long in the Army undiſcover'd, is the Difficulty of performing a certain natural Office, which Soldiers are obliged to do, not only ſtanding, but frequently in publick, and even at the Head of a Regiment. However, Mrs. Davies *eaſily accompliſh'd this by means of a Silver Tube painted over, and faſten'd about her with Leather Straps. This urinary Inſtrument our Heroine ſold in* Flanders *for ſeven Piſtoles, after ſhe had thrown off the Habit of the Male Sex, and reſumed that of her own: But ſhe greatly repented having parted with*

this uncommon Implement when she came to England; *where, by the prodigious Concourse of People that came daily to see her, she found that a good Livelyhood might have been procured by shewing it as a Curiosity.*

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF Mrs. CHRISTIAN DAVIES.

SHE was born in *Dublin*, in the Year 1667; her Father was a Malſter and Brewer, and her Mother occupied a Farm of 80*l. per Annum.* They were both of them People of Prudence, Induſtry, and good Oeconomy, were very tender of their Daughter, and ſpar'd no Expence in her Education, though ſhe made not the beſt Uſe of their Care in that reſpect. She learn'd to read, and became a good Needle-Woman, but was of too active a Diſpoſition to live a ſedentary Life; for which reaſon ſhe choſe to be almoſt always at the Farm aſſiſting her Mother, where ſhe was never better pleaſed than when following the *Plough*, or uſing the *Rake*, *Flail*, or ſuch-like Inſtruments, which ſhe could manage with near

near as much Strength and Skill as her Mother's Men-Servants. At the Age of Eighteen ſhe would often mount aſtride on horſeback, without Bridle or Saddle, and leap over Hedges and Ditches, with many other adventurous Pranks and Exploits, beyond what was common for her Sex and Age.

Her Undauntedneſs at this Age may be gueſs'd at from one Incident, which for that Reaſon may be worth relating. She with four of her Companions were one Day rolling themſelves down-hill Heels over Head, when a certain Earl paſſing by in his Coach ſaw (through a quick-ſet Hedge) the odd Manner of their Diverſion, and ſtop'd his Coach to be a Spectator of ſo unuſual a Farce; but they obſerving him, deſiſted from the indecent Paſtime, (the youngeſt being Seventeen) which the Earl taking notice of, call'd to them and promis'd each of them a Crown to continue the Diverſion, which they did in ſuch a Manner as gave his Lordſhip his deſir'd Entertainment, and he gave them the promis'd Reward.

The firſt notable Indication of her *martial* Genius was in the Year 1685, about the Beginning of *Auguſt*; when being on a Wheat-Reek about fifty Feet high, and ſeeing the Proceſſion of Judges, Magiſtrates, and Heralds attended with Drums, Trumpets, and other Muſick, going to proclaim King *James*, ſhe was ſo affected therewith, that ſhe immediately leap'd off the Reek, and jump'd clean over a five-barr'd Gate that ſtood in the way, to make a ſpeedy Acceſs to ſo unuſual, ſo tranſporting a Sight, for ſhe imagin'd every Perſon in the Parade

Parade could be no leſs than a Prince, or ſome very great Perſonage.

Nothing memorable occurs of our Heroine till the Time of King *James*'s Expulſion from the Throne by King *William*; who in that diſtreſs'd and fugitive State was oblig'd to retreat to his *Iriſh* Subjects for Succour. They very readily eſpous'd his Cauſe; and among others, Mr. *Cavenaugh* (the Father of Mrs. *Davies*) from an extraordinary Zeal and Loyalty, ſold all his ſtanding Corn and other valuable Effects, and with that Money and what he had by him, he raiſed a Troop of Horſe, and ſet out at the Head of it to join the King's Army. The Horſe which her Father rode was ſo fiery and mettleſome, that none of the Troop durſt mount him; yet ſhe could feed him, take him up from Graſs, beſtride him in the open Field, and often when ſaddled ſhe would mount him, and draw and ſnap the Piſtols, to the Terror, and Amazement of her Friends. All which Circumſtances were early Proofs of her maſculine and military Genius.

While her Father bore Arms for the King, it happen'd that one *Sunday* when her Mother was at Church, the neighbouring *Papiſts* block'd up the Church-Door, which occaſion'd a Tumult and Noiſe; which Mrs. *Davies*, who was then at home, hearing, and fearing leſt her Mother ſhould receive Damage, ſhe arm'd herſelf with a Spit, and haſted to her Aſſiſtance; but being reſiſted by a Serjeant, ſhe run the Spit through the Calf of his Leg, and having made the Way clear, ſhe enter'd the Church, call'd her Mother, and deſir'd ſhe would come home

to

to Dinner, for it was ready. In the Conflict the Miniſter, Clerk, and ſeveral other Perſons were wounded, and ſhe herſelf taken into Cuſtody for ſtabbing the Serjeant. But when her Father's ſingular Zeal and Service, and the inconſiſtent Male-Practice of the *Papiſts* were repreſented to the Magiſtrates, ſhe was ſoon ſet at Liberty.

King *James*'s Army being defeated at the Battle of the *Boyne*, the King, with the Remainder of his ſcatter'd Troops, fled for Safety; among whom Mr. *Cavenaugh*, with a young *French* Lieutenant, made the beſt of their way home; but being alarm'd the next Morning (about three o'Clock) with the Noiſe of ſome Friends who alſo fled from the Conquerors, and imagining they were the victorious Forces of King *William* in Purſuit after them, they haſtily aroſe, took a ſad Farewel of Mrs. *Cavenaugh*, and fled with great Precipitation.

About twelve Months after this, News came, that King *James*'s Forces were defeated at the Battle of *Aghrim*, where General *Ginkle* obtain'd a compleat Victory over General *St. Ruth*, in which Battle Mr. *Cavenaugh* was dangerouſly wounded, yet was in a fair way of Recovery, and intended to return home, but the Night be ore, one *Kelly*, an *Iriſh* Papiſt, his Servant, ungratefully and treacherouſly ran away with his Horſes to General *Ginkle*'s Army. This vile Treatment ſo affected him, that he was ſeiz'd with a Fever, of which he ſoon after died. And though Mrs. *Cavenaugh*, during her Huſband's Illneſs, had procur'd a Pardon

for

for him, yet notwithſtanding this the Government ſeiz'd upon all his Effects.

After the Battle of *Aghrim* the *Engliſh* laid Siege to *Limerick*. Captain *Bodeaux*, who fled with Mr. *Cavenaugh* from the Battle of the *Boyne*, behav'd with ſingular Gallantry, inſomuch that he was admir'd and his Death lamented even by his Enemies, who, upon ſtripping the brave Officer, found, to their great Surprize, that it was a *Women* who had given ſuch Proofs of an invincible Courage.

We do not think it improper here, to give a ſhort Account of the Beginning and Progreſs of the Wars in *Ireland*, collected by Mr. *Thomas Howel*, the fatal Robber of our Heroine's Innocence and Honour, as will be mention'd hereafter; which the Reader may take in his own Words.

When King *William* and Queen *Mary* took Poſſeſſion of the Throne, there was yet no War declar'd againſt *France*: But the Reception of King *James* the Second at that Court, and the tranſporting foreign Troops into *Ireland* to aſſiſt the *Jacobites*, who began to appear in open Rebellion, made it neceſſary to proclaim War againſt *Lewis* XIV. Therefore on *Friday, April* 26, 1689, the Commons made the following Addreſs to his Majeſty at *Whitehall*.

"We your Majeſty's moſt loyal and dutiful Subjects, the Commons, in this preſent Parliament aſſembled, moſt humbly lay before your Majeſty our earneſt Deſire, that your Majeſty would be pleaſed to take into your moſt ſerious Conſideration, the deſtructive

" ſtructive Methods of late taken by the *French*
" King, againſt the Trade, Quiet, and Intereſt
" of this your Kingdom; and particularly, the
" preſent Invaſion of the Kingdom of *Ireland*,
" and ſupporting your Majeſty's rebellious Sub-
" jects there: Not doubting in the leaſt, but
" that, through your Majeſty's Wiſdom, the
" Alliances already made, with ſuch as may
" hereafter be concluded, on this Occaſion, by
" your Majeſty, may be effectual to reduce the
" *French* King to ſuch a Condition, that it may
" not be in his Power hereafter to violate the
" Peace of *Chriſtendom*, nor prejudice the
" Trade or Proſperity of this your Majeſty's
" Kingdom. To this End we moſt humbly
" beſeech your Majeſty to reſt aſſured, upon
" this our ſolemn and hearty Engagement, that
" when your Majeſty ſhall think fit to enter
" into a War againſt the *French* King, we will
" give your Majeſty ſuch Aſſiſtance in a Par-
" liamentry Way, as may enable your Ma-
" jeſty (under that Protection and Bleſſing God
" Almighty has ever afforded you) to ſupport
" and go through with the ſame."

His Majeſty gave a gracious Anſwer, and on *May* the 7th War was declared againſt *France* in the uſual Forms. But the firſt Stroke was given before this Proclamation, by the *Engliſh* and *French* Fleets in *Bantry* Bay, a Harbour in the Province of *Munſter* in *Ireland*; of which we cannot give a better Account than the following Letter from on board his Majeſty's Ship the *Elizabeth*, dated *May* 2, 1689.

" Admiral *Herbert (afterwards Earl of* Tor-
" rington) having refitted at *Milford* Haven,

" the

" the Damages which ſome of his Ships had
" ſuſtained, by ill Weather, on the Coaſt of
" *Ireland*, intended to have gone directly to
" *Breſt:* But the Wind coming Eaſterly, which
" might bring the *French* Fleet out, he ſtood
" on the 24th paſt over to *Kingſale*, which he
" judg'd the moſt likely Courſe to meet them.
" On the 29th our Scouts made a Signal that
" they diſcover'd a Fleet, keeping their Wind;
" which made us likewiſe keep ours all Night,
" to hinder their getting into *Kingſale*. The
" 30th we heard the Enemy were gone into
" *Baltimore*, being forty-four Sail: whereupon
" we bore away towards that Place, but we
" found there no Signs of them: But in the
" Evening our Scouts got ſight of them again
" to the Weſtward of Cape *Clare*. We ſteer'd
" after them, and found they were got into
" *Bantry*. We lay off the Bay all Night, and
" the next Morning, by Break of Day, ſtood
" in, when we found them to an Anchor.
" They got preſently under Sail, and bore
" down upon us in a Line, compos'd of twenty-
" eight Men of War and five Fireſhips. When
" they came within Muſket-ſhot of the *De-*
" *fiance*, the headmoſt of our Ships, the *French*
" Admiral put out the Signal of Battle, which
" was begun by them, firing great and ſmall
" Shot at the *Defiance*, and the reſt as we
" came up in our Line. We made ſeveral
" Boards to gain the Wind, or at leaſt to en-
" gage them cloſer: But finding that way of
" working very diſadvantageous, Admiral *Her-*
" *bert* ſtood off to Sea, as well to have got
" our Ships into a Line, as to have gained the

" Wind

" Wind of the Enemy; but found them ſo " cautious in bearing down, that we could ne- " ver get an Opportunity to do it; ſo conti- " nued battering upon a Stretch till five in the " Afternoon, when the *French* Admiral tack'd " from us, and ſtood farther into the Bay. Ad- " miral *Herbert*'s Ship, and ſome of the reſt, " being diſabled in their Rigging, we could " not follow them, but we continued ſome " time longer before the Bay, and our Admiral " gave them a Gun at parting. In this Action, " Captain *George Aylmer*, of the *Portland*, with " one Lieutenant and 94 Seamen, were kill'd, " and about 250 wounded, as appears by a " Survey taken after the Fight; and our Ships " receiv'd little or no Damage, except in their " Sails and Rigging. As for our Officers and " Seamen, this Right muſt be done them, " that they behav'd themſelves with all the " Courage and Chearfulneſs that could be ex- " pected from the braveſt Men: And on the " other ſide, without leſſening the Enemy, it " may be ſaid, that they either wanted Cou- " rage, or Skill to make uſe of the Advan- " tage of the Place, the Wind, their Fireſhips, " and their being at leaſt double our Force; " for they had eighteen Ships, the leaſt where- " of was as big as the *Elizabeth*. And it ſo " happen'd, that, at the Time of this En- " gagement, Admiral *Herbert* had with him " but eight third Rates, ten fourth Rates, one " fifth Rate, and two Tenders."

This was the firſt Engagement at Sea. We ſhall now go to the Siege of *Londonderry*, where King *James* ſat down with a powerful Army;

Army; the Sight of which caſt ſuch a Terror in the Minds of the Governor and ſeveral Officers, that they were for ſurrendring that important Place: But the couragious Dr. *George Walker*, who had raiſed a Regiment for Defence of the Proteſtants, (after the Governor had privately made his Eſcape) was unanimouſly choſen in his Room to defend the Town, though very ill provided for a Siege. They held out bravely for many Months, and were reduced to ſuch Extremity for Want of Proviſions, that they were obliged to feed upon Horſe-fleſh, Dogs, Cats, Rats, and Mice. They had but two Days of ſuch ſorry Food left, when timely Succour arriv'd from *England*; which the Enemy perceiving, they rais'd the Siege in Deſpair. The Day before the Siege was rais'd, a Party of 2000 Proteſtants met 6000 of the rebel *Iriſh*, ſlew and drown'd in the *Shannon* above 3000, and took their General Priſoner. The brave Doctor embark'd for *England*, where he receiv'd the Thanks of the Houſe of Commons for his noble Defence, and had a handſome Gratuity. On the 14th of *June* 1690, King *William* arriv'd at *Carrick-Fergus*, from whence he march'd to the Battle of the *Boyne*, at the Head of 36,000 regular Troops. King *James* the Second was there before him with the like Number of Forces. While King *William* was viewing the Poſture of the Enemy, he was wounded on the Shoulder by a Cannon-Ball. His Officers crowding about him, the Enemy thought he was kill'd, and gave a general Shout thro' their Army for Joy of his Death; and the News not only flew to *Dublin*, but Fires of re-

joicing were made even at *Paris* for the falſe Tidings. The Night before the Battle, his Majeſty rid through the Ranks of the Army by Torch-Light, encouraging his Troops, who ſeem'd to promiſe him the Victory. The 1ſt of *July* both Armies prepar'd for Battle. On the very Onſet the Duke of *Schomberg* was kill'd upon the Spot; and the valiant Defender of *Londonderry*, Dr. *Walker*, loſt his Life by a Wound in the Belly. The Fight was doubtful for ſeveral Hours; but at laſt the *Jacobites* were put to a general Flight. King *James* retir'd to *Dublin*; but not thinking himſelf ſecure there, he went to *Waterford*, took ſhipping in a Veſſel provided for his Retreat if vanquiſh'd, and once more arriv'd ſafely at St. *Germain's* in *France*, the Place of his former Reſidence, where we ſhall leave him to follow the Fortunes of his Conqueror. He enter'd *Dublin* by the Invitation of the Inhabitants, who chearfully ſubmitted to him.

In ſhort, after many Victories gain'd by King *William*, *Ireland* ſeem'd to be reduced to his Obedience; but was not totally ſubdued till after the bloody Battle of *Aghrim*, where the brave *St. Ruth*, General of the Enemy, was kill'd with a Cannon-Ball. His Death facilitated the *Engliſh* Conqueſt; and all the Towns in *Ireland*, in poſſeſſion of the *Jacobites*, ſoon after ſurrender'd to the victorious King. But to return from this Digreſſion.

Mrs. *Davies* having attain'd to the Age of Maturity, and being a buxom ſprightly Laſs, ſhe ſoon began to be taken notice of by the young Men. In particular, Mr. *Thomas Howell*, whom

whom we have lately mention'd, a Student and Fellow of *Dublin* College, (her ſecond Couſin) view'd her with an amorous Eye, ſoon made warm Love to her, and continued his Addreſſes with great Aſſiduity for two Years; and tho' ſhe had a good Opinion of him, yet having no Fortune to bring him, ſhe objected the Hazard of Poverty and Ruin, which would probably attend their marrying in ſuch Circumſtances, and therefore deſired him to deſiſt and give over his Amour, but to no purpoſe; for he endeavour'd to obviate Objections by ſpecious Promiſes, and puſh'd the Affair with greater Solicitation and Urgency than uſual. One Day particularly finding her alone in the Houſe making the Beds, he took the Opportunity, and after many endearing Expreſſions, warm Embraces, and ardent Kiſſes, with Vows of eternal Conſtancy in Marriage, obtain'd Leave to rifle her Charms in the moſt ſenſible manner, and to deprive her of that which is juſtly eſteem'd the greateſt Pride and Glory of Virgins, and ought to be preſerv'd with as much Caution and Concern as Life itſelf. He ſtaid not long after he had perpetrated a Deed which overwhelm'd her with the deepeſt Melancholy, Anxiety, and Shame; and of which though ſhe ſincerely repented, yet could ſhe never appear in thoſe eaſy and pleaſing Airs which were natural to her virgin Innocence. Her Countenance fell, her Stomach fail'd her, and all about her took notice of her Melancholy and Sadneſs: Her Mother often enquir'd the Cauſe of ſuch unuſual Grief; but ſhe gave evaſive Anſwers, and only requeſted that ſhe might

quit her Houſe: This her Mother readily agreed to, hoping a Change of Air and Company might do her good; ſo ſent her to her Aunt's, who kept a Publick Houſe in *Dublin*.

Here ſhe often ſaw her young Student, but avoided him with the greateſt Deteſtation and Hatred: But finding that no ill Conſequence attended the criminal Amour, her Melancholy began to wear off, and ſhe recover'd her Colour and Chearfulneſs of Temper. She liv'd with her Aunt four Years, and behav'd ſo well and dutifully, that when her Aunt died ſhe left her all ſhe had, and in Poſſeſſion of her Houſe well furniſh'd and well accuſtom'd.

In this Situation ſhe thought herſelf the happieſt Perſon in Life, enjoy'd the Height of Ambition, and had not a Wiſh to make; but Love, that conſtant Diſturber of human Felicity, began afreſh to invade her Heart, and to interrupt her Tranquillity. *Richard Welch*, a Servant of her Aunt, and now her own, was the Perſon ſhe lov'd to ſee and hear above all Men; and though her Pride and Regard for her Sex prevented her making the firſt Overture, yet ſhe found Means to let *Richard* know (by the Interpoſition of a Female Friend) that he was more in the good Graces of his Miſtreſs than he was aware of; and it was inſinuated withal, that if he could have Courage to make the Attack, he would very probably carry her, and inſtead of being Servant, might eaſily become Maſter of the Houſe. *Richard* was very glad to hear this; but objected, if there ſhould be a Miſtake, his Miſtreſs would reſent the bold Attempt, and he ſhould loſe a good Place. His Friend

Friend told him that ſhe knew almoſt enough of the Matter to promiſe him Succeſs, but certainly that he ſhould be no Loſer by it. *Richard* promiſed to follow her Advice, and accordingly took the firſt Opportunity to pay his Reſpects to his Miſtreſs in the Style of a Lover; and this he did in ſuch Terms, and in ſo proper a Manner, as ſtill more endear'd him to her; though ſhe pretended to be very much ſurprized at his Aſſurance, and bad him mind the Buſineſs of the Houſe, and not her, which would better become him. *Richard* begs Pardon, but ſtill plies his Miſtreſs with all the Rhetorick of Love, who makes all the Returns of Scorn and Denial which Honour and Cuſtom require from a Miſtreſs and a Maiden in ſuch a Caſe: But this ſhe took care to do always in ſuch a manner, as rather encouraged than diſhearten'd *Richard* from continuing his Addreſſes. But not to dwell long upon a ſhort Courtſhip, *Richard* repeated his Proteſtations of Love and Sincerity every Day, and every Day got a little abated of her pretended Averſion and Anger, till at the End of one Week only he brought his Miſtreſs to diſcover the real Sentiments of her Mind, and the true and ardent Paſſion ſhe had for him, by conſenting to marry him; which ſhe did forthwith, and was applauded inſtead of being reproach'd by her beſt Friends for the prudent Choice ſhe had made of a Huſband. *Richard* prov'd a tender, careful, and obliging one; and, as he promis'd, left his Wife as much Miſtreſs of her Effects as ſhe was when ſingle. Thus they liv'd a happy Pair for four Years, in which Time ſhe had

two fine Boys, and was big of a third Child; when the fickle Goddeſs, to ſhew herſelf ever variable, reverſed their bliſsful State, with a Fate not more grievous and inſupportable, than it was ſurprizingly odd and caſual. The Caſe was this:

Alderman *Foreſt* in *James-Street* furniſh'd them with Beer, and Mr. *Welch* went one Day thither to pay him about Fifty Pounds, but, contrary to Cuſtom, return'd not all that Day, which greatly ſurpriz'd his Wife. Her Uneaſineſs increaſed as it grew darker; and hearing now News of him, ſhe concluded he muſt neceſſarily be murder'd for the Money which he carried with him. Thus ſhe grew outragious, and ſent People every way to find him, but all to no purpoſe; no Mr. *Welch* could be found: All they could hear was, that he had paid the Money, and left the Alderman's Houſe with another Gentleman who had been there in Company with him. This Gentleman ſhe at once concluded muſt have murder'd him out of ſome private Pique, and convey'd away his Body.

Her Grief now for the Loſs of her Huſband (for all Search prov'd vain) was equal to the tender Affection ſhe bore him, and made her unfit for her Buſineſs, which ſhe therefore truſted to one ſhe thought her Friend, who indeed prov'd very baſe and unfaithful.

Time having ſomewhat mollified her Grief, and *Richard* been abſent near a Twelvemonth, and conſequently given over for dead, his Wife bought Mourning for herſelf and Children, and again took upon her the Care of the Buſineſs; which

which ſhe had no ſooner done, than ſhe receiv'd the following Letter from her Huſband.

Dear CHRISTIAN,

THIS is the twelfth Letter I have ſent you without receiving any Anſwer; which would both ſurprize and very much grieve me, did I not flatter myſelf that your Silence proceeds from the Miſcarriage of my Letters. It is from this Opinion that I repeot the Account of my ſudden and unpremeditated Departure, and the Reaſon of my having enliſted for a Soldier. It was my Misfortune, when I went out to pay the Alderman the fifty Pounds, to meet Enſign C---m, *who having formerly been my School-fellow, would accompany me to the Alderman's Houſe; from whence we went, at his Requeſt, and took a hearty Bottle at the Tavern, where he paid the Reckoning. Having got a little too much Wine in my Head, I was eaſily perſuaded to go on board a Veſſel that carried Recruits, and take a Bowl of Punch, which I did in the Captain's Cabbin, where being pretty much intoxicated, I was not ſenſible of what was doing upon Deck. In the Interim, the Wind ſprang up fair, the Captain ſet ſail with what Recruits were on board, and we had ſo quick a Paſſage, that we reached* Helvoetſluys *before I had recover'd from the Effects of Liquor. It is impoſſible for me to paint the Diſorder I was in, finding myſelf thus divided from my dear Wife and Children, landed on a ſtrange Shore, without Money or Friends to ſupport me. I rav'd, tore my Hair, and curs'd my drunken Folly, which had brought upon me this terrible Misfortune, which I thought to remedy by getting a Ship to carry me*

back, but there was none to be found. The Enſign, who poſſibly did not intend me this Injury, did all he could to comfort me, and adviſed me to make a Virtue of Neceſſity, and take on in ſome Regiment. My being deſtitute and unknown compelled me to follow his Advice, though with the greateſt Reluctance; and I now am, though much againſt my Inclination, a private Centinel in Lord O-----y's *Regiment of Foot, where I fear I muſt paſs the Remainder of a wretched Life, under the deepeſt Affliction for my being depriv'd of the Comfort I enjoy'd while bleſſed with you and my dear Babies, if Providence, in his Mercy, does not relieve me; the Hopes of which, and of once embracing thoſe who alone engroſs my tendereſt Affection, you, my deareſt* Chriſtian, *and my poor Children, make me endeavour to ſupport my Misfortune, and preſerve a Life which, without you, would be too miſerable to be worth the Care of*

Your unfortunate,

but ever-loving Huſband,

RICHARD WELCH.

Upon reading this Letter ſhe was quite ſtupefied, and ſtood without Motion; and not being able to weep through an Exceſs of Grief, ſhe gave a ſudden Shriek, and fell down, without any Signs of Life remaining in her. But being brought to her Senſes and Speech by the kind Aſſiſtance of her Friends and Neighbours, ſhe burſt into a Flood of Tears; when being aſk'd the Occaſion of this ſudden Grief, ſhe for ſome time anſwer'd nothing but, *O my dear* Richard, *muſt I never ſee thee more?* She ſtill

continued

continued in violent Agonies, and frequently fainted away; ſo that ſome of her Friends, not thinking it proper to leave her alone, watch'd with her all Night. As they were getting her to Bed, her Letter dropp'd, which they had the Curioſity to read, and thereby learnt the Cauſe of her Diſtraction. They endeavour'd to comfort her, but to no purpoſe; nor had ſhe any Reſt all that Night. In the Morning ſhe came to a Reſolution to diſguiſe her Sex, by putting on one of her Huſband's Suits of Cloaths, and to go directly for *Flanders* in ſearch of him. She accordingly ſet about preparing every thing neceſſary for ſuch a Journey, left her eldeſt Son with her Mother, and put to Nurſe that which was born after her Huſband's Departure; her ſecond Son being dead. She likewiſe let her Houſe, and left her Goods with ſome Friends who had ſpare Houſe-room. Having thus order'd her Affairs, ſhe cut off her Hair, put on her Huſband's Cloaths, a Hat and Wig, and a Silver-hilted Sword: And conſidering it was contrary to Law to export above five Pounds out of the Kingdom, ſhe quilted fifty Guineas in the Waiſtband of her Breeches, and ſo carried it away without Suſpicion.

Thus provided, and being deſirous of getting to *Holland* as ſoon as poſſible, ſhe repair'd to the Rendezvous of an Enſign who was then beating up for Recruits, and offer'd him her Service to go againſt the *French*, out of Zeal for King *William* and her Country. The Hopes of ſoon meeting with her Huſband added a Sprightlineſs to her Look, which recommended her to the Officer, who preſently inliſted her,

her, and order'd her to be enroll'd, by the Name of *Chriſtopher Welch*, in a Company of Foot, in the Regiment commanded by the Marquis *de Piſare*.

Our Heroine, with the reſt of the Recruits, were ſoon ſhipp'd for *Holland*, arriv'd ſafe at *Williamſtadt*, and from thence march'd to *Gorkum*, were they had their Regimentals given them, and the next Day proceeded forward to *Landen*, where incorporated in their reſpective Regiments, and join'd the grand Army, which was in Expectation of a general Battle, the Enemy being very near them. Having been accuſtom'd to Soldiers when a Girl, ſhe very ſoon was perfect in her Exerciſe, and applauded by the Officers for her Dexterity in going through it.

Soon after her Arrival at *Landen*, ſhe was order'd on the Night-Guard, and poſted at the Bedchamber Door of the Elector of *Hanover*. Before ſhe was reliev'd, the *French* drew nearer, and were engaged by ſome Troops of the Allies. The roaring of the Cannon, and the rattling of the ſmall Shot, was unuſual and therefore terrible Muſick to our Female Soldier. Her Fear however was ſoon over; and being order'd by Lord *Cholmondeley* to repair inſtantly to her Regiment, in her Way ſhe receiv'd a Wound from a Muſket-Ball, which graz'd on her Leg, but did not hurt the Bone. My Lord expreſſed his Concern, and order'd her to be carried off the Field.

A ſhort Account of this Battle of *Landen* may not be diſagreeable to our Readers, ſince poſſibly they will not find one more impartial.

The

The Duke of *Luxembourg* having inveſted *Huy* the 18th of *July*, 1693; King *William*, to make a Diverſion, detached the Prince of *Wirtemberg* with twenty Battalions and forty Squadrons, which forced the *French* Lines in *Flanders*, and put the Country under Contribution. This Detachment, and another the King had ſent off to cover *Liege*, greatly weaken'd his Army. *Luxembourg*, who had juſt carried *Huy*, drew together all his Forces, as if he had a Deſign upon *Liege*; and on the 28th, about Four in the Afternoon, preſented himſelf before the Allies; who, being ſenſible that they were much the weaker, had poſted themſelves between the *Geete* and the Brook of *Landen*. The Fatigue of a long March, and the Day being ſo far ſpent, made him defer the Battle to the next Morning. This Delay gave King *William* an Opportunity to have ſecured his Troops, by retiring in the Night; but his Majeſty rather choſe to wait the Enemy, and took all poſſible Precaution to give the *French* General a warm Reception.

At Four the next Morning the *French* advanced in good Order. The Battle began at the Village of *Laar*, with the Left Wing of the King's Army, where a terrible Slaughter was made. The Foot, which were poſted behind the Intrenchments, ſuffer'd the Enemy to advance very near to their Cannon, and then firing upon them, ſwept down whole Battalions, which lay dead in the ſame Ranks and Order as they advanced. The *French* notwithſtanding made two vigorous Attacks; but their Obſtinacy only augmenting their Loſs, they gave

over

over on that Side, and began with equal Violence on the Right Wing, which was poſted at the Village of *Neerlanden*. Here being likewiſe repuls'd, they made ſo conſiderable a Movement backwards, that they ſeem'd to be quite ſick of the Undertaking; but, leaving ſome Troops to keep the main Body and the Right Wing in play, they march'd with the major Part of their Forces, and their Cannon, to the Village of *Laar*, to make another Attack upon the Left Wing, which was both more vigorous and bloody than the two preceding. The Allies defended themſelves with equal Bravery, till born down by Numbers, they were forced to abandon the Village, and the Ground between the Entrenchment and the Brook. The *French* Horſe having hereby an Opportunity to extend themſelves, trod under foot all that oppoſed their Paſſage, and fell upon the Rear of the Infantry which defended the Trenches. King *William* ſeeing all Efforts vain, order'd the Retreat to be ſounded. Some few Corps retreated in good Order, but the reſt took to Flight with ſuch Precipitation, that the Bridge broke down, and the Enemy made a great Slaughter. Whole Regiments threw themſelves into the *Geete*, and ſuch Numbers were drown'd, that their Bodies made a Bridge for their flying Companions. The King, 'tis true, loſt the Battle, with about 16,000 Men, ſeventy-ſix Cannon, and ninety Colours; but he loſt nothing in point of Reputation: For *Lewis* the XIV could not help acknowledging, *That* Luxembourg *had indeed attack'd like a Prince of* Condé, *but that the Prince of* Orange *had made*

made his Retreat like a Marſhal Turenne. And indeed he not only perform'd the Part of a General, but even of a ſubaltern Officer; for he alighted no leſs than four times to lead on the Foot to the Attack; was at the Head of the Squadron commanded by Lord *Gallway*, in the hotteſt of the Battle; had two led Horſes kill'd near him, and a Muſket-Ball went thro' his Saſh.

Mrs. *Davis*, on account of her Wound, could not be an Eye-witneſs of what is here related, but had the Particulars from Perſons of Veracity, who were upon the Spot.

After having been two Months incapable of Service, ſhe joined her Regiment, which continued under Cover the remaining Part of the Summer, and was order'd into Winter-Quarters at *Gertruydenberg*.

During her Stay here, the Dykes near the Town were ruin'd by Worms, and the *Engliſh* Soldiers were commanded to aſſiſt the *Dutch* in repairing them. The Work was very fatiguing, and likewiſe dangerous; for Enſign *Gardener* and Mrs. *Davies* narrowly eſcap'd being drown'd by the Tide flowing in upon them.

The following Campaign the *French* ſurpriz'd ſome Foragers, took ſixty Priſoners, *Dutch* and *Engliſh*, (of which Number was Mrs. *Davies*) and conducted them to *St. Germain's en Laye*. During their Impriſonment here, King *James*'s Queen was particularly kind to the *Engliſh*, cauſing them to be ſeparated from the *Dutch*, and allowing each Man five Farthings for Tobacco, a Pound of Bread, and a Pint of Wine a Day. The Duke of *Berwick*

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came frequently to ſee they were well uſed, and not defrauded of their Allowance; adviſing them at the ſame time to take on in the *French* Service, which ſeven of the *Engliſh* did: But Mrs. *Davies* being applied to, anſwer'd, *That ſhe had already taken an Oath to King* William, *and could not in Honour break that Engagement.* The Duke applauded her Principles, and deſiſted from his Solicitations.

Captain *Cavenaugh*, who was Mrs. *Davies*'s firſt Couſin, and an Officer in the *French* Army, came often to the Priſon; to whom ſhe would have made herſelf known, but for fear ſuch a Diſcovery ſhould prove an Impediment to the Search after her Huſband.

After a Confinement of about nine Days, they were exchanged for ſome *French* Priſoners, and ſet at liberty. As Gratitude obliged them, they went to the Palace to return the Queen Thanks for her kind Charity. She had the Condeſcenſion to ſee them, and took particular Notice of our young Heroine.

On their Return to the Army, they heard the News of Queen *Mary*'s Death, and ſoon after drew off into Winter-Quarters. Mrs. *Davies*, whoſe Grief for her Huſband was drown'd in the Hopes of finding him, began to indulge her natural Gaiety of Temper, and liv'd very merrily. In her Frolicks ſhe made her Addreſſes to a Burgher's Daughter, who was young and pretty, ran over all the tender Nonſenſe employ'd on ſuch Occaſions, ſqueezed her Hand, ſigh'd often when in her Company, look'd fooliſhly, and practiſed upon her all the ridiculous Airs which ſhe had often laugh'd at, when

when they were uſed as Snares againſt herſelf. But theſe Arts had an Effect which Mrs. *Davies* did not wiſh for; the poor Girl grew really fond of her, and was uneaſy whenever ſhe was abſent. However, though ſhe did not endeavour to conceal her Paſſion, ſhe prov'd ſtrictly virtuous; and when her Gallant pretended to take an indecent Freedom with her, *Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *I ſuppoſe my Tenderneſs is become irkſome to you, ſince you take a Method to change it into Hatred. It is true, I do not ſcruple to own I love you as my Life, but my Life is not ſo dear to me as my Virtue. If you have diſhonourable Deſigns, I have miſtaken the Man, and have found the Ruffian, inſtead of the tender Huſband I expected.* This Rebuff ſo gain'd Mrs. *Davies*'s Heart, that ſhe could not help admiring and acknowledging her Eſteem for the Girl's Virtue. She even felt a tender Paſſion for her, though, you know, it could not go beyond a *Platonick* Love.

During the Courſe of this Amour, a Serjeant belonging to the ſame Regiment, though not the ſame Company, with Mrs. *Davies*, endeavour'd to gain the young Girl's Heart; but having ſpent a Number of Sighs and Time to no purpoſe, he reſolv'd, the firſt fair Opportunity, to obtain that by Force which he could not by Addreſs. This he attempted one Day when Mrs. *Davies* was under Arms: The Girl defended herſelf ſtoutly, and in the Scuffle loſt her Cap, and her Cloaths were moſt of them torn off her Back; but notwithſtanding her reſolute Defence, the Serjeant would have gain'd his Point, had not ſome of the Neighbours opportunely

portunely come in to her Aſſiſtance, and made him retreat in a very ſhameful Manner.

As ſoon as ſhe had recover'd herſelf, ſhe ran to acquaint Mrs. *Davies* with the Affair, deſiring her to revenge the Inſult. She was ſo irritated at the Account, that had ſhe not been upon Duty, ſhe would immediately have gone in queſt of the Serjeant; but ſhe ſtifled her Reſentment till ſhe was diſmiſs'd by the Officer, and then having found out her Rival, ſhe thus accoſted him: *How durſt you, Sir, attempt the Honour of a Woman, who was, for ought you knew, my Wife? The Action is baſe in itſelf, and ought to be the Quarrel of every Man in the Regiment, as it caſts a Reflection on the whole Corps; but, as I am principally concern'd in this Inſult, ſo I am ſufficient to chaſtiſe your Impudence, and require immediate Satisfaction.* The Serjeant replied, *I'll ſoon cool your Courage.* Upon this they went together to a proper Place, and both drew. Mrs. *Davies*, irritated at the Affront put upon her in the Perſon of her Sweetheart, thought of nothing but ſending the Villain out of the World. The firſt Thruſt ſhe made gave him a ſlaunt Wound in his Right Pap, which had well nigh done his Buſineſs. He return'd this with a long Gaſh on her Right Arm; but before he could recover his Guard, ſhe gave him a Thruſt in the Right Thigh, about half a Span from the Pope's Eye. The next Paſs he aim'd at her Breaſt, but hit her Right Arm; though it was little more than the Prick of a Pin, he being feeble with the Loſs of Blood. By this time ſome Soldiers on Duty having diſcover'd them, a File of Muſqueteers came up, took

took them Priſoners, diſarm'd both, conducted Mrs. *Davies* to Priſon, and ſent the Serjeant to the Hoſpital, who was thought to be mortally wounded, and did not recover for a conſiderable Time. Mrs. *Davies* ſent her Sweetheart an Account of what had happen'd, and her Confinement thereupon; who acquainting her Father with the whole Affair from the Beginning of it, the good Burgher made ſuch a Repreſentation of the Affront offer'd to his Family, that in four Days time he procur'd a Pardon for Mrs. *Davies* from King *William*, with an Order to releaſe her immediately, return her Sword, pay her Arrears, and give her a Diſcharge from the Regiment; all which were punctually perform'd. As ſoon as ſhe was enlarged, ſhe went to thank her Deliverer for her Liberty; who, on her Side, as gratefully acknowledg'd her revenging the Inſult done her. She expreſſed herſelf with great Tenderneſs, and told Mrs. *Davies*, *That when ſhe heard of her Impriſonment, ſhe heartily repented having acquainted her with the Serjeant's villainous Attempt.* She proceeded, *Had I been ſo prudent, you would not have ventur'd your Life, and I ſhould not have given the World any Ground to cenſure my Conduct; for how may People interpret your being warm in my Cauſe? This Conſideration make me throw off the Reſtrain of my Sex, and propoſe to you the ſkreening my Honour by our Marriage. My dear*, ſaid Mrs. *Davies*, *you offer me the greateſt Happineſs; will you give me leave to aſk you of your Father? My Father!* cried ſhe, *you cannot imagine a rich Burgher will give his Daughter to a Foot-Soldier; for tho' I*

think you merit every thing, yet he will not view you with my Eyes. This Anſwer was what Mrs. *Davies* expected; and indeed, being very ſure that her Father would not conſent, was the Reaſon why ſhe propoſed ſpeaking to him. But the Girl offering to be married at all Events, and to run the Hazard of her Father's Diſpleaſure, ſhe was forced to uſe her utmoſt Rhetorick to diſſuade her from it. *My dear Life*, ſaid ſhe, *how could I bear to ſee you deſerted by your Father, ſtripp'd of all the Comforts of Life, and expoſed to follow a Camp? No, I can neither be ſo inhuman to you, nor ungrateful to your Parents, who has procur'd my Liberty. But my Love for you ſhall animate me to ſuch Actions, as I hope will raiſe me to a Rank that your Father need not be aſhamed of my Alliance: Or, if I fail of Preferment in this honourable way, I will at any rate endeavour to deſerve you, and, if poſſible, purchaſe a Pair of Colours.*

I have heard, replied the Girl, *that Love and Reaſon are incompatible; this Maxim is either falſe, or you are not the ardent Lover you profeſs yourſelf: However, I like your Propoſal of buying a Commiſſion, and if your Money falls ſhort, let me know it.*

Thus Mrs. *Davies* got off from this Amour without Loſs of Credit. She had been diſcharged from her Regiment, as we have ſaid before, not from the Service; which was a Favour done her, leſt the Serjeant ſhe had wounded ſhould do her ſome private Injury. She enter'd therefore with Lieutenant *Keith*, in Lord *John Hayes*'s Regiment of Dragoons, and ſtaid in the Lieutenant's Quarters till the Seaſon for Action

Action came on; when they were all order'd to the Siege of *Namur*.

The Army was now more numerous than it had been any preceding Campaign; the major Part were encamped at *Deinſe*, and ſeemed to intend an Attack upon the *French* Lines, which were in thoſe Quarters. This Feint, and the Duke of *Wirtemberg*'s aſſaulting Fort *Knoque*, drawing moſt of the *French* Forces on that Side, King *William*, with the greateſt Expedition, inveſted *Namur*, which they did not in the leaſt apprehend. He could not however make this Motion ſoon enough to prevent Marſhal *Bouffflers* from throwing himſelf into the Town with ſeveral Regiments, which augmented the Garriſon to about fourteen thouſand effective Men. This did not deter the King from proſecuting his Deſign, leaving only thirty thouſand Men under the Command of Prince *Vaudemont*, to obſerve the Motions of the *French*, and cover *Flanders*. The Enemy being well inform'd of this Diſpoſition of the Army, which was encamp'd at *Woutergen*, reſolv'd to attack it in Front and Flank. The Prince making a Shew of waiting for them, ſent his Baggage to *Ghent*, entrenched his Camp, placed Cannon in all the Paſſes, and taking Advantage of the Night to prepare for his Retreat, made it in the Sight of the Enemy's Army, without ſuſtaining any Loſs. This Retreat of Prince *Vaudemont* will be look'd upon as a Maſter-Stroke in Ages yet to come.

He ſoon after gave a new Proof of his martial Skill and Conduct, in defeating the Deſign which Marſhal *Villeroy* had form'd of beſieging

Newport; but the Marſhal revenged himſelf on *Dixmude* and *Deinſe*, the Governor of which Places wanted Courage to defend them.

The King opened the Trenches before *Namur*, in two different Places, on the 13th of *July* 1695; and gave frequent Aſſaults to the Town, one on the Neck of another, ſending in every Aſſault ſuch a Number of Forces, that they ſeemed rather ſmall Armies than Detachments.

The Town capitulated on the 4th of *Auguſt*; but the *French*, in order to draw off the Army of the Allies and ſave the Citadel, bombarded *Bruſſels*. The Effect this had, was only making them redouble their Efforts at *Namur*. Never was a more terrible Fire ſeen; for no leſs than ſixty large battering Pieces, and as many Mortars, play'd inceſſantly on the Outworks. Marſhal *Villeroy* judging very rightly that the Citadel could not hold out long, and finding his bombarding *Bruſſels* did not draw off the King, reſolved to attack him in his Lines, to ſave the Caſtle if poſſible: To this end he began his March in a continual Rain, and paſſing by *Gemblours*, encamp'd at *Saunier*. Prince *Vaudemont*, with the Army under his Command, had left *Bruſſels*, before this Motion of the *French*, to cover the Siege; and being join'd by ſome Detachments, under the Command of the Duke of *Wirtemberg* and the Earl of *Athlone*, he extended his Forces behind the *Mehaigne*, from *St. Denis* to *Ipigny*.

The *French* finding him ſo ſtrongly entrench'd, turn'd off to the Left, and, going up the *Mehaigne*, poſted themſelves on the Bank

of

of that River, between the Villages of *Peruwes* and *Ramelies*; which oblig'd the Allies to advance on the other Side to diſpute the Paſſage. *Villeroy* attempted ſeveral times, but in vain, to paſs the River, and ſuccour the Beſieged. On this he call'd a Council of War, wherein the Officers unanimouſly declared it was impoſſible to relieve the Citadel, and that it would be Raſhneſs to attempt it.

In the Interim the Allies detach'd thirty Squadrons, commanded by Monſieur *de la Forêt*, to reconnoitre the Enemy. Theſe were diſcover'd by the *French* Scouts, who fell upon them, and, finding they gave way, ſuffer'd themſelves to be decoy'd into an Ambuſh; where the Fight being renew'd with greater Fury, the Aſſailants were driven back to their Camp, with the Loſs of 150 Horſe. After this Skirmiſh, the Marſhal raiſed his Camp, and poſted his Army between *Chatelet* and *Charleroy*.

Before this, moſt of the Fortifications of *Namur* were demoliſhed, and large Breaches made; wherefore Orders were given for an Aſſault, which was begun on the 30th of *Auguſt*. My Lord *Cutts*, with three thouſand *Engliſh*, was commanded to aſſault the *New Caſtle*. Count *Revera*, with two thouſand *Dutch* and a thouſand *Bavarians*, was order'd to attack on the Side of Fort *Koehoorn*, while Monſieur *La Cave* ſhould aſſault it in Front. At the ſame Inſtant Monſieur *Schwerin*, at the Head of two thouſand Men, was to aſſault the cover'd Way before the *Devil's Houſe*; and, to prevent Sallies, a Colonel, with five hundred Men, was

poſted between the *New Caſtle* and Fort *Koeboorn*. The *Engliſh* were drawn into a fatal Miſtake by their Courage; for three hundred of them mounted the Breach of the *New Caſtle* with ſuch Impetuoſity, that they could not be ſupported. The other Aſſault proved more ſucceſsful, for we became Maſters of three thouſand Yards of cover'd Way.

Notwithſtanding the Loſs ſuſtain'd in this Aſſault, the King was preparing for a ſecond; but Marſhal *Boufflers* beat the Chamade, and prevented him that Trouble. Hoſtages were exchanged, Articles agreed upon, and the Allies took Poſſeſſion of the Fort and Breach the 1ſt of *September*. On the 5th the Garriſon march'd out with the uſual Honours of War.

The King of *France* having refus'd to accept of a Ranſom for the Garriſons of *Deinſe* and *Dixmude*, King *William*, by way of Repriſal, order'd Marſhal *Boufflers* to be arreſted and carried back into the Town; where he was told, That if he would give his Word that thoſe Garriſons ſhould be releaſed, he was at Liberty. Upon his Refuſal, he was conducted to *Maeſtricht*, where his Confinement was but ſhort; for the King his Maſter permitting him to make that Promiſe, he was releaſed.

After the Taking of *Namur*, Mrs. *Davies*, went into Winter-Quarters at the *Boſs*, where a very odd Adventure befel her. She went with two of her Comrades to a Houſe of civil Recreation, where a Lady of Pleaſure, who was very big, happen'd to take a Liking to her, and uſed all the Allurements practiſed by thoſe virtuous Damſels; but finding they had no Effect,

Effect, ſhe ſwore ſhe would revenge the Slight, which ſhe did ſoon after, by ſwearing her the Father of the Child. Mrs. *Davies* was ſo ſurpriz'd and enraged at the impudent Perjury, that ſhe was almoſt tempted to diſprove her effectually; but, on mature Deliberation, ſhe thought it better to keep the Child; from which Expence ſhe was ſoon deliver'd, for the Child died in a Month, leaving her the Reputation of being a Father, till her Sex was diſcover'd.

As nothing remarkable happen'd to our Heroine from this Time to the Signing of the Peace, it may not be ungrateful to give ſome Memoirs of what paſs'd in the Interim in *Flanders*, where ſhe continued in the ſame Regiment till the Army was diſbanded.

King *William* arriv'd in *Holland* on the 17th of *May* 1696, with a Deſign to open the Campaign in the *Low Countries*. Part of the *Dutch* Troops were drawn together near *Tirlemont*, under the Command of Prince *Naſſau-Sarbruck*, Veldt Marſhal of the States, who, conjointly with the Elector of *Bavaria*, was to obſerve the *French* Forces encamp'd at *Fleuris*. The other Part of the *Dutch* Army, under the Command of Prince *Vaudemont*, was poſted near *Ghent*, to oppoſe Marſhal *Villeroy*. The King join'd the Prince's Army in the Beginning of *June*, and took a general Review on the 7th. Having encamp'd on the Plain of *Corbais* from the 18th of *June* to the 7th of *July*, he march'd directly towards *Noirmont* and *Gemblours*. Theſe Motions were both to obſerve the *French*, and to have the Convenience, for a conſiderable Time, of ſubſiſting the Army from *Bruſſels*.

All this while Marſhal *Villeroy* remain'd quiet in his Camp near *Deinſe*, between the *Scheld* and the *Lys*; and ſecured his Forage in ſuch a manner, that he maintain'd a great Part of his Troops at the Expence of his Enemy: So that King *William* finding nothing could be done, ſent back the *German* Troops commanded by the Landgrave of *Heſſe*, went to *Mechlin*, and from thence to *Loo*.

The King of *France* had ſome time before made Propoſitions of Peace to the Allies, but eſpecially thought it his Buſineſs to agree with the Duke of *Savoy* at any rate. Accordingly he made him very advantageous Offers, and ſuch as really ſtagger'd him: But the Shame and Reproach, that muſt have been the Conſequence of his breaking through ſolemn Engagements with the Allies, made him for ſome time hold out againſt the Temptation. *France* however ſoon furniſh'd him with a plauſible Pretence to comply with her Propoſals, by ſending the Marſhal *de Catinat* with an Army into *Piedmont*, who advanced to *Rivalto*, within two Leagues of *Turin*. The Duke, upon his Approach, made all the Preparations for a vigorous Defence; but no Hoſtilities were committed on either Side. At laſt, the proclaiming a Suſpenſion of Arms diſcover'd the Myſtery of this Inactivity, to the grant Surprize of the Allies. This Truce was follow'd by a Treaty of Peace, proclaim'd in *Paris* the 10th of *September*, 1696. During this Intrigue with *Savoy*, *Lewis* alſo made Offers to King *William* and the *States*, to which the latter began to

liſten.

liſten. In a word, a Congreſs was open'd at *Ryſwick* on the 9th of *May*, 1697.

Notwithſtanding theſe Conferences, the *French* laid Siege to *Aeth*, a Town in *Hainault*. King *William* being arriv'd from *England*, immediately went to the Army of the Allies, and march'd to relieve the Place: But the Beſiegers were ſo well entrench'd, and cover'd by two Armies under the Command of *Boufflers* and *Villars*, that he could not force them without viſible Danger. *Aeth* ſurrender'd on the 1ſt of *June*.

The Conferences at *Ryſwick* ended in a Peace, which was proclaimed in *Paris* the 23d of *October*, and in *London* the 28th, O. S.

The King of *England* having review'd the Army, diſbanded a great Number of Troops, amongſt which was our Heroine, who took ſhipping and arriv'd ſafe at *Dublin*. She found her Mother, Children, and Friends in Health; but was ſo much alter'd by her Dreſs and the Fatigues of a military Life, that not one of them knew her; and for ſome Reaſons ſhe reſolv'd to remain *incog*.

She was not long eaſy in this indolent Way of Life, but found Means to ſupport herſelf, without breaking into her Capital, till a freſh Opportunity offer'd of indulging her martial Inclinations.

The King of *Spain* died in the Year 1700, having by his Will declared the Duke of *Anjou* his Succeſſor, which alarm'd all the Powers of *Europe*. The King of *France* groſsly affronted King *William*, by acknowledging the Prince of *Wales* King of *England* on the Death of his Father

ther at *St. Germain's* in 1701. Theſe things kindled up a new War; and on the Part of the Emperor Hoſtilities were begun in *Italy*, which Prince *Eugene* enter'd in *May* 1701, at the Head of twenty thouſand Men, beat the *French* and *Savoyards*, and paſs'd the *Adige*.

Though none of the Powers had declared War, the *Hollanders* drew together their Troops near *Roſendaal*, under the Command of the Earl of *Athlone*; and the *Imperialiſts*, commanded by Prince *Naſſau Sarbruch*, laid Siege to *Keiſerſweert*.

Our Heroine was not long conſidering what Party to take; but immediately took Shipping for *Holland*, and finding her former Lieutenant *Keith*, inliſted with him in her old Corp, the Regiment of Dragoons under the Command of Lord *John Hayes*.

The firſt Action ſhe was in was that of *Nimeguen*, where they were very roughly handled by the *French*. As this, which deſerves rather to be call'd a Battle than an Action, would have ruin'd all the Schemes of the Allies, had they loſt it, it will be proper to give an Account of it; to do which, we muſt return to the Siege of *Keiſerweert*.

This Town the *Germans* inveſted on the 16th of *April*, 1702. On the firſt Advice which was given Marſhal *Boufflers* of this Siege, he paſs'd the *Maeſe*, with Deſign to ſurprize a Body of *Dutch* Troops under the Command of Count *Tilly*: But that General being inform'd of the March of the *French*, Monſieur *Boufflers*'s Deſign prov'd abortive. The Count *de Tallard* was more ſucceſsful in his, which he enter'd

t:r'd upon a few Days after. He took Poſt over againſt *Keiſerſweert*, on the Banks of the *Rhine*; and thus not only kept open a Communication with the Town by Water, but gall'd the Beſiegers ſo much with his Cannon, that they were obliged to quit their Works, and begin new Attacks, out of the Reach of his Cannon. During this Siege the Duke of *Burgundy* arriv'd at the *French* Army, to take upon him the Command in Chief.

Soon after the Arrival of this Prince, Marſhal *Boufflers* reſolved to make a Diverſion to ſave the Town: This was, to ſurprize *Nimeguen*. After having lain ſome Days quiet in his Camp, he march'd immediately to *Keverdonk*, and from thence continued his Rout, in order to fall upon the Earl of *Athlone*, who was encamp'd at *Clarenbeek*, in hopes to put him in Confuſion, and thereby have an Opportunity of ſurprizing *Nimeguen*. But the Earl having had information of his March, detached the Duke of *Wirtemberg* with ſome Troops, to take Poſſeſſion of the higher Grounds and Paſſes in the Neighbourhood of *Mook*, while he follow'd with the reſt of the Army. In coming to the Poſt which he was to defend, the Duke diſcover'd the Vanguard of the Enemy. He diverted them by a retreating Fight, till the Earl of *Athlone* came up to ſuſtain him. The two Armies continued ſkirmiſhing, and both made towards *Nimeguen*; and ſome *French* mixing with the *Dutch*, got, with the latter, into a few of the Out-works, hoping to puſh into the Town. This happen'd upon a *Sunday*, and in Sermon-Time. The Burghers taking the Alarm,

larm, took to their Arms, broke open the Magazines, and drew out the Cannon, which they mounted and play'd upon the *French*. The Fire between the two Armies was all this while very hot. The *French* having placed ſome Cannon on a riſing Ground, made terrible Havock among the *Dutch* Horſe, and ſeized on one of the Fortifications; but a Detachment of the *Dutch* Guards, favoured by the Fire of the Burghers Cannon, ſoon diſlodged them. Marſhal *Boufflers*, thus diſappointed, retreated about Two in the Aſternoon.

In the Interim the Siege of *Keiſerſweert* was vigorouſly and ſucceſsfully puſhed on; and the Governor capitulated on the 15th of *June*.

About the Middle of this Siege a Party of Horſe and Dragoons were detached from the Army, under the Command of Major-General *Dompre*; Mrs. *Davies* being one of the Detachment. They fell in with a ſuperior Number of *French* Cavalry, and put them to Flight, with a conſiderable Loſs. She had here the good Fortune, though in the thickeſt of the Engagement, to eſcape without Hurt, and to be particularly taken notice of by the Officers.

Soon after the Surrender of *Keiſerſweert*, the *Pruſſian* Troops join'd the grand Army; and the Earl of *Marlborough*, about the ſame time, arriv'd with thoſe ſent by the Queen of *England*.

After ſeveral Motions made in order to draw the *French* to a Battle, a Detachment inveſted the Town and Citadel of *Venlo*, on the 29th of *Auguſt* in the Night. Here Mr. *Davies* being ſent out with a Party of Foragers, her Horſe trod

trod on a Scythe the Peaſants had left in the Field; which cut him in ſuch a manner, that he was a long time unfit for Service.

Six Days after the Trenches had been opened before this Town, they aſſaulted and took the Citadel, which ſoon obliged the Town to capitulate.

Stevenſweert and *Ruremond* were next inveſted and taken, the former in two Days, the latter in three.

On the 14th of *October*, 1702, the Allies appear'd before *Liege*, and made Preparations to attack the two Forts which commanded the Town. Three Days together they batter'd the Citadel, and the Breach being thought ſufficient, they aſſaulted it the 23d in the Afternoon. They ſoon carried the Half-Moon, and finding little Reſiſtance, they mounted the Breach Sword in Hand, and made a cruel Slaughter. The *Engliſh* in particular diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in this Aſſault.

They found in the Place above thirty Pieces of Cannon, twenty thouſand Florins in Silver, and a great many valuable Effects. Mrs. *Davies* got but little of the Plunder, except a large Silver Chalice, and ſome other Pieces of Plate, which ſhe afterwards ſold to a *Dutch Jew* for a third Part of their Value.

After this they attack'd the Fort of the *Carthuſians* on the other ſide of the *Maeſe*; but the Garriſon fearing an Aſſault, in leſs than three Hours deſired to capitulate. Articles were that Day agreed upon, and the *French* march'd out the next.

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The taking of theſe Places proved a great Refreſhment to the Army, for they found a great Quantity of good Wine and excellent Bread.

Thus ended the firſt Campaign in *Flanders*; the Succeſs of which did not a little raiſe the Hopes of the Allies.

Though Hoſtilities were commenced, they were not long carried on before a Declaration of War; which was made on the ſame Day by the *Engliſh*, *Dutch*, and *Germans*, viz. *May* 15, 1702.

This Year Prince *Eugene* ſurpriz'd *Cremona* in *Italy*; and though the *Germans* were driven out again, they carried off Priſoners, Marſhal *Villeroy*, and ſeveral other Perſons of Diſtinction.

Mrs. *Davies* was order'd into Quarters at *Venlo*, and a Night or two afterwards was one of thoſe commanded by the Governor to eſcorte the Earl of *Marlborough* along the Banks of the *Maeſe*. Miſtaking their Way by the Darkneſs of the Night, they fell in with a Hogſty, where was a Sow with five Pigs, one of which Mrs. *Davies* made bold with, and was poſſeſſed of it ſome time, when a Corporal attempted to take it away from her; on which ſome Words ariſing, he drew, and made a Stroke at her Head; which ſhe warding with her Hand, had the Sinew of her little Finger cut in two; and at the ſame time, with the Butt End of her Piſtol, ſtruck out one of the Corporal's Eyes. In the Interim the General was taken Priſoner by a Party of Soldiers, but got off by means of a ſham Paſs. The News

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of this Accident was next Day brought to *Venlo*, but not of the Earl's having eſcaped. The Governor, ſuppoſing he had been conducted to *Guelders*, march'd thither at the Head of his Garriſon, threatning to come to the utmoſt Extremity, if he was not deliver'd up. In the mean while he received certain Advice of the Earl's being in Safety, on which he march'd back to *Venlo*; where they ſoon after had the News of the Queen's having rewarded the General's Valour with the Titles of Marquis of *Blandford* and Duke of *Marlborough*; on which the cuſtomary Rejoicings were made.

During the Quiet of the Winter, Mrs. *Davies* began again to think of her Huſband, and made all poſſible Enquiry after him, but in vain; wherefore ſhe endeavour'd to put away the melancholy Remembrance, by having recourſe to Wine and Company; which had the deſir'd Effect.

The Duke of *Marlborough* left *London* in *March* 1703, to put himſelf at the Head of the Army, and open the Campaign. After ſome little Stay at the *Hague*, to aſſiſt at the Conferences there, he ſet out to inveſt *Bonn*, the Reſidence of the Elector of *Cologn*, who had receiv'd into it a *French* Garriſon; for which Reaſon the Allies ravaged the Countries of *Bergues*, *Cologne*, and *Cleves*.

The Trenches were opened on the 3d of *May*, and ſo briſk a Fire kept up, and the Attacks puſh'd on with ſo much Fury, that on the 12th the Breach was large enough for a Regiment to mount at a time, and every thing was ready for a general Aſſault, when Monſieur

ſieur *d'Alegre* hung out a white Enſign. The Capitulation was ſign'd that Night, and four Days after the Garriſon march'd out through the Breach.

The Duke having provided for the Security of this Place, the greateſt Part of the Troops employ'd againſt it march'd towards *Brabant* to join the grand Army. After this Junction the Allies march'd towards the Lines the *French* had thrown up to cover *Brabant*; which Lines they intended to attack, and afterwards, in caſe they ſucceeded, to beſiege *Antwerp*: And to this end Baron *Obdam* had taken Poſt at *Ekeren*, pretty near that City, with thirteen Battalions and twenty-ſix Squadrons; whilſt the grand Army was march'd to encamp before the Lines, between *Courſelle* and *Beringhen*.

The Diſtance between the two Armies, and the Feebleneſs of that commanded by the Baron, made *Boufflers* reſolve on ſurrounding him; and accordingly with fifty-three Battalions, ſeventy Companies of Grenadiers, and fifty-two Squadrons, on the 29th of *June*, in the Night, he began his March; which was ſo ſecret and expeditious, that the Baron, tho' he had Information of the *French* being in Motion, had not Time to ſend off his heavy Baggage; but when he thought of retreating, he found himſelf ſurrounded by the Enemy, who attack'd him ſo briſkly, that his Men were driven from the Poſts they had taken. The Fight grew hotter and hotter; the *Dutch* taking Courage from their Deſpair, and the *French* being irritated at ſo obſtinate a Reſiſtance: The Battle laſted till Night, when the *Dutch* Foot

beginning

beginning to want Powder and Ball, with their Bayonets fixed, attack'd and carried the Village of *Otteren*, took one Piece of Cannon, two Kettle Drums, ſeven Colours, with two Standards; and paſſing the Night in this Village, they retreated in good Order to *Lillo*.

It was now reſolved, in a grand Council of War, ſince the Enemy could not be brought to a Battle, to draw together all the Troops diſperſed in different Poſts, and beſiege *Huy*; it being thought too hazardous to attack them in their Lines.

When the Army drew near to *Huy*, the Garriſon withdrew into the Caſtle, and the Allies took Poſſeſſion of the Town. Monſieur *de Villeroy*, ſome little time before the Trenches were open'd, ſpread it abroad, that he would give the Confederates Battle; upon which their Army drew up, but he thought proper to retire into his Lines.

The Baron *de Trogné* opened the Trenches before Fort *St. Joſeph* on the 17th of *Auguſt*, and the next Day Ground was broke before Fort *Picard*. They ſurrender'd on the 27th, and Count *Sinzendorff* taking Poſſeſſion of the Place for the Emperor, the Army prepared for another Siege. M. *de Bulau*, Lieutenant General of the *Hanoverian* Troops, was, on the 4th of *September*, detached with twenty-four Squadrons to inveſt *Limbourg*. On the 26th he began to batter the Place with forty-two Pieces of Cannon and twenty Mortars. The Fire continued very vigorous till about the next Day at Noon, when the Governor ſeeing great part of the Rampart demoliſhed, beat

the Chamade, and ſurrender'd Priſoners of War. However, all the Officers were handſomely treated, and nothing taken from them, or even their Soldiers, Arms excepted.

The grand Army did nothing more this Campaign than obſerve the Enemy, to favour the *Brandenburghers*, who were ſat down before *Gueldres*; which they took, after an obſtinate Defence, it having been blockaded the whole Summer, and afterwards batter'd with fifty-one Pieces of Cannon, twenty Culverines, and twenty Mortars, which reduced the Town to a Heap of Rubbiſh.

The Succeſs attending the Arms of the *French* and the Elector of *Bavaria* in *Germany*, alarming *England* and *Holland*, they reſolved to ſeek them, even in the Heart of that Country. To this Purpoſe their Forces, about the End of *April* 1703, were aſſembled upon the *Maeſe*, between *Venlo* and *Maeſtricht*; where they were join'd, in the Beginning of *May*, by the Duke of *Marlborough* and Velt-Marſhal *Ouwerkerke*. After a Council of War had been held, the Army was divided into two Corps; one of which, ſtrong enough to make head againſt the *French* in the *Low Countries*, was left under the Command of M. *Ouwerkerke*; and the other, commanded by the Duke of *Marlborough*, by long and tireſome Marches, reach'd the *Danube*. Here we cannot help taking notice of the Duke's great Humanity, who ſeeing ſome of the Foot drop through the Fatigue of the March, took them into his own Coach.

The *French* following the Example of the Allies, drew 20,000 Men out of the *Low Coun-*

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tries, under the Command of *Villeroy*, to reinforce the Elector of *Bavaria* in *Germany*. But before he arriv'd, the Duke of *Marlborough* had join'd the Prince of *Baden* at *Lutſhauſen*, which obliged the Elector to withdraw to *Dillingen*, leaving eighteen of his Regiments and eight Squadrons with the Count of *Arco*, who poſted himſelf on the Hill of *Schellenburg* near *Donawert*, in Entrenchments in a manner inacceſſible, that he might cover *Bavaria*. Notwithſtanding this, it was reſolv'd to attack him, and force a Paſſage that way to the very Heart of the Electorate.

The Duke decamp'd the 2d of *July*, and the Vanguard came in ſight of the Enemy's Entrenchments in the Afternoon. Not to give the *Bavarians* Time to make themſelves yet ſtronger, the Duke order'd the *Dutch* General *Goor*, who commanded the Right Wing compoſed of *Engliſh* and *Dutch*, to attack as ſoon as poſſible. They began about Six o'Clock, and were twice repulſed with very great Loſs; but, not at all diſcouraged, they gave a third Aſſault, at the time the Prince of *Baden* arriv'd with the *German* Troops of the Right Wing, who attack'd on his Side. The Slaughter had laſted above an Hour, when the Duke of *Wirtemberg* had the good Fortune, with ſeven Squadrons, to enter the Enemy's Trenches by the Cover'd Way of *Donawert*, and fall upon their Rear. The *Bavarians* were now ſoon routed, and a cruel Havock made of them. In the ſecond Attack Mrs. *Davies* receiv'd a Ball in her Hip, which ſo lodged between the Bones, that it could never be extracted, but almoſt depriv'd

her of the Uſe of her Leg and Thigh. When ſhe was thus wounded, ſhe would not be carried off; but being ſet at the Foot of a Tree, ſhe continued animating her Fellow-Soldiers, till ſhe had the Pleaſure of ſeeing them get into the Trenches, and rout their Enemies.

After the Action was over, ſhe was carried to the Hoſpital near *Schellenberg*, and put under the Care of three Surgeons, who however did not diſcover her Sex. Here, while ſhe was under Cure, ſhe receiv'd her Share of the Plunder, which the Duke order'd to be impartially diſtributed among the Soldiers. Beſide the Arms the Fugitives threw away, the Allies took ſixteen Pieces of Cannon, thirteen Standards and Colours, all the Tents, and the Baggage and Plate of the Count of *Arco*. This General, when he found his Entrenchments enter'd by the Allies, withdrew to *Donawert*; but the Gates not being open'd ſoon enough, he threw himſelf into the *Danube*, and got ſafe to *Augſbourg*. When the Gates of *Donawert* were ſet open, ſome of the *Bavarians* crowded into it, and at firſt made a Shew of defending it; but having receiv'd Orders from the Elector to burn the Town, they clapp'd Straw into the Houſes, but for fear of their Retreat being cut off, they withdrew haſtily, and gave the Inhabitants an Opportunity to ſave the Town. The Allies found in it three Pieces of Cannon, twelve Pontons of Copper, twenty thouſand Weight of Powder, three thouſand Sacks of Flour, great Quantities of Oats and other Proviſions. This Victory however was purchaſed by

by the Loſs of 3000 brave Men, and ſeveral Officers of Diſtinction.

The Allies having garriſon'd *Donawert*, made themſelves Maſters of *Rain* by Compoſition, and carried the little Town of *Aicha* Sword in Hand. They had now nothing to prevent their piercing to the very Centre of *Bavaria*, ſo that the Inhabitants were greatly alarm'd, and many of them quitted their Houſes. Even the Electreſs did not think herſelf ſafe in *Munich*, though ſhe had 8000 regular Troops about her, but deſir'd Shelter of the Archbiſhop of *Saltzbourg*. In ſhort, the Allies ravaged the Country, pillag'd above fifty Villages, and forced the miſerable Inhabitants to ſeek Refuge in the Woods.

The Elector, who now expected to ſee his Country laid waſte, held a Council of War in the open Field; wherein it was reſolved immediately to abandon the Camp of *Lawingen*, and to reinforce the Army as much as poſſible.

In conſequence of this Reſolution, they drew out ſeveral *Bavarian* Garriſons; after which, their Army encamp'd under the Walls of *Augſbourg*, whither they had before ſent immenſe Sums under a ſtrong Eſcorte. The Elector compelling the Burghers to work Day and Night on the Entrenchments of his Camp, ſurrounded it with a Ditch fifty Feet wide, and proportionably deep, that he might, in greater Security, wait the Succours he expected from *France*.

His Expectations were not vain, for the Marſhals *Villeroy* and *Tallard* arriv'd at *Augſbourg* the Beginning of *Auguſt*. Prince *Eugene*

of *Savoy*, who had hitherto watch'd them, now join'd the grand Army, part of which formed the Siege of *Ingolſtadt*, under the Command of the Prince of *Baden*. The Enemy were, by this Siege, drawn out of their Entrenchments, and having poſted themſelves at *Hochſtet*, the Allies reſolv'd to go thither and attack them, though their Right was protected by the *Danube*, their Left by the Wood of *Lutzingen*, and their Front by two Rivulets and a Moraſs.

At Six o'Clock in the Morning, on the 13th of *Auguſt* 1704, they came in ſight of the Enemy, and about Eleven were drawn up in Order of Battle. They then threw five Bridges, made of Faſcines and Tin Pontons, over the Rivulet; and at Two the Signal was given to attack.

Every one has read an Account of this Battle, which was as memorable as that of *Crecy* or *Agincourt*; wherefore it is needleſs to give a Detail of it. We ſhall only take notice of one thing, in honour to the Duke of *Marlborough*, which is, That after part of the Horſe of the Left Wing of the Allied Army had paſſed with a good deal of Difficulty the Rivulet, the reſt endeavouring alſo to paſs it, were twice repulſed; which the Duke ſeeing, led them on himſelf for the third time, and making the Enemy give Ground, their main Battle was defeated; and their Right, which oppoſed the Duke, and was of *French* Troops, was driven to the Banks of the *Danube*, and ſeparated from the reſt of the Army.

After the Victory of *Hochſtet*, the Allies did not think proper to puſh on the Siege of *Ingolſtadt*;

golſtadt; wherefore, leaving ſome Forces to keep it inveſted, the reſt march'd to reinforce the grand Army, commanded by Prince *Eugene*. The *Engliſh* and *Dutch*, under the Command of the Duke of *Marlborough*, on the 22d of *Auguſt* appeared before *Ulm*, where the Enemies, in their Flight, had left a ſtrong Garriſon under the Command of General *Bettendorf*. The Governor being ſummon'd, and anſwering, *That he would defend the Town to the laſt Extremity*, a Council of War was held, and, according to the Reſolutions therein taken, the Army divided: Prince *Eugene* and the Duke march'd with the major Part towards the *Rhine*; and the reſt, which were *Imperial* Troops, continued in *Suabia*, under the Command of General *Thungen*, to take *Ulm*, and other Towns in the Poſſeſſion of the Enemy, which he did.

After the Reduction of *Ulm*, which ſoon capitulated notwithſtanding the reſolute Anſwer ſent to the Duke's Summons, the Baron *de Thungen* join'd the grand Army under the Duke of *Marlborough*, which cover'd the Siege of *Landau*. The King of the *Romans* came to the Siege, and was met by Prince *Eugene* and the Duke between *Philipſbourg* and *Landau*, who conducted him through the Army to his Quarters at *Ilbeſheim*.

This Town, and all others in which the Elector had Garriſons, were evacuated by Treaty, he himſelf entirely ſtripp'd of his Country, his Electreſs and Children made Priſoners, and his Subjects diſarm'd and obliged to take an Oath of Allegiance to the Emperor. In a word, *Bavaria* was treated as a conquer'd Country,

try, and Count *Lewenſten-Worthem* was made Governor of it.

This Electorate was miſerably plunder'd, the Allies ſparing nothing, but killing, burning, or otherwiſe deſtroying whatever they could not carry off. The Bells of the Churches were broke to pieces; and Mrs. *Davies*, having left the Hoſpital time enough to have a Share in the Plunder, fill'd two Bed-Ticks with Bell-Metal, Men's and Women's Cloaths, ſome Velvets, and about a hundred *Dutch* Caps; all which ſhe ſold for four Piſtoles to a *Jew*, who follow'd the Army to purchaſe the Pillage. She likewiſe got ſeveral Pieces of Plate, *&c.* which the ſame conſcionable Merchant had at his own Price.

Landau, after a vigorous Defence, ſurrender'd to the King of the *Romans* on the 22d of *November*. It was firſt inveſted on the 13th of *September*.

But to return to the Hiſtory of our Heroine. After the Battle of *Hochſtet*, in which ſhe receiv'd no Hurt, though often in the hotteſt of the Fire, ſhe was one of thoſe detach'd to guard the Priſoners, who were in a very miſerable Condition, and almoſt naked. They march'd them to the Plain of *Breda*, where they halted to refreſh; each Man, Priſoners and all, being allow'd a Pint of Beer and a Pennyworth of Bread and Cheeſe. During their Halt here, Mrs. *Davies* was amuſed with two very different Scenes by the Women, ſome of them bewailing the Loſs of their Huſhands or Lovers, who fell in the two memorable Battles of *Schellenberg* and *Hockſtet*; and others congratulating

gratulating and careſſing their Sweethearts and Spouſes who had eſcap'd the Danger. Among the latter, ſhe obſerved a Woman, with a viſible Joy in her Face, make up to a Man whom Mrs. *Davies* fancied ſhe had known; and upon a near Examination ſhe found it to be her Huſband, on whoſe Account ſhe had experienced ſo much Fatigue, and ſo often hazarded her Life. The ſeeing him careſs this *Dutch* Woman, for ſuch ſhe really was, raiſed in her ſo great an Indignation, that ſhe was reſolv'd to baniſh every tender Thought that might plead in his Favour, and wipe the Idea of him out of her Memory. She was ſo divided between Rage and Love, Reſentment and Compaſſion, and the Agitation of her Mind had ſuch a viſible Effect on her Countenance, that her Comrade aſk'd her, What was the Occaſion that her Colour chang'd, and ſhe trembled in ſuch a manner? After ſome little time, having recover'd her Spirits, ſhe anſwer'd, *That the ſudden and unexpected Sight of a Brother, whom ſhe had not ſeen for twelve Years before, occaſion'd the Diſorder he obſerv'd.* She then begg'd her Comrade to ſtep and aſk him, *If his Name was not* Richard Welch, *and when he had heard from his Wife and Children?* He did ſo, and brought her word, *That as he was the firſt Man upon Command, ſhe might ſpeak with him at the main Guard.* Hardly had he deliver'd theſe few Words, when the Drums and Trumpets ſounded a March.

Upon their Arrival at *Breda*, after the Priſoners were ſecur'd, and Mrs. *Davies* had perform'd her Duty, ſhe went to the main Guard

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in ſearch of her Huſband, where ſhe learnt that he was at a Publick Houſe behind it. She immediately went thither, and paſſing through the outward Room to the Kitchen, ſaw him there drinking with the *Dutch* Woman. She took no notice of him, but deſir'd the Landlady to ſhew her a private Room; which ſhe did, and bringing her a Pint of Beer, left her to her own melancholy Reflections. Having indulged her Grief, and given Vent to her Tears, ſhe endeavour'd to compoſe herſelf; and drinking a little of the *Hougarde*, which is a ſort of Beer, in Colour like Whey, ſhe waſh'd her Eyes and Face with the reſt, to conceal her having wept. Then calling the Landlady to bring another Pint, ſhe deſir'd her to acquaint the young Man of *Orkney*'s Regiment, drinking in the Kitchen, that ſhe would be glad to ſpeak to him. She deliver'd the Meſſage, and he came in accordingly. Mrs. *Davies* ſat with her Back to the Light, that ſhe might not be diſcover'd before ſhe had ſounded her Huſband's Heart. Having ſaluted him by Name, and enquir'd when he had heard from his Wife and Children; *Sir*, ſaid he, *I have heard no News of them theſe twelve Years, though I have written no leſs than a dozen Letters to her, which I am apt to believe have miſcarried. I believe, Sir*, anſwer'd Mrs. *Davies*, *you do not lay that to heart, ſince a Number of pretty Girls here can eaſily compenſate the Abſence of a Wife; you, doubtleſs, find it ſo. Sir*, replied he, *you take me for a Villain, and you lye; I don't find it ſo.* This Language, though highly affronting on any other Occaſion, gave Mrs. *Davies* more

Pleaſure

Pleaſure than the fineſt Compliment. A ſudden Trembling ſeiz'd her, which he taking no tice of, and viewing her more intently, diſcover'd that ſhe was his Wife. Upon this, after Expreſſions of the greateſt Surprize and Tenderneſs, he ran to her, claſp'd her in his Arms, kiſs'd her, and wept for Joy. As ſoon as ſhe could diſengage herſelf, *Yes*, Richard, ſaid ſhe, *'tis I, who have been ſo long in ſearch of an ungrateful Huſband. What a Reward have I met with for abandoning my aged Mother, my Babes, and my Country, to expoſe myſelf to the Dangers and Hardſhips of War, in ſearch of a Huſband whom I have at laſt found in the Arms of another Woman! What Fault of mine could make you cruelly deſert me and your Children; and was it poſſible for me to think you could make me ſo barbarous a Return for all my Tenderneſs? My dear* Chriſtian, replied he, *uſe not ſuch cruel and undeſerved Reproaches; had you received any of my Letters, you muſt have learnt that my Misfortune, not my Fault, was the Cauſe of our unhappy Separation. I wiſh*, ſaid ſhe, interrupting him, *I had not receiv'd that which you ſaid was your twelfth. That made me reſolve to undergo all Dangers, rather than not find you out; had it not come to hand, I might have been ſtill deceived in the Belief of your Death, Time would have mitigated my Grief, and forgetting you, as I am a Witneſs you did me, I might have continued at this Time in an eaſy and happy Situation. I have at length found you, but ſo alter'd from the juſt and loving Huſband you once were, that I had rather have had Aſſurance of your Death, than ſee you thus ſurvive your Affections. Believe me*, ſaid he, *my dear*

dear Chriſtian, *they are ſtill as warm towards you as ever; excuſe me, and make a juſt Diſtinction between the tender Love for a Wife, and the trifling Complaiſance for ſuch Creatures, as may prove our Amuſement, but can never gain our Eſteem.*

Here the Woman, ſurprized at his Stay, came to the Door, and ſaid, *My dear, why do you leave me thus alone?* This Expreſſion of her Fondneſs threw him into a Paſſion, and he ſwore that if ever ſhe ſpoke in that manner again, or follow'd him any more, he would be her Death. *Paſſion*, ſaid Mrs. *Davies*, *proceeds very often from Guilt. It is not manly to uſe a Woman ill, eſpecially if you have ſeduced her, as I doubt you have, with a Promiſe of Marriage. In ſuch Caſe I ſhall hold her innocent, if, when ſhe knows you have a Wife and Children, ſhe breaks off a Converſation, which will then be criminal in her to continue. Young Woman*, ſaid ſhe, turning to her, *is this Man your Huſband?* She anſwer'd in the Affirmative, and he denied it with bitter Imprecations. Mrs. *Davies* repeating the Queſtion to the Woman, ſhe ſaid, *Indeed the Ceremony had not been performed, but that they had been contracted ſeveral Months, and cohabited as Man and Wife. I am ſorry for your Misfortune*, ſaid Mrs. *Davies*, *for this Man has had a Wife many Years, by whom he has had three Children; ſo that you can have nothing to expect from him but Scandal. If you value your own Reputation or Safety, or have any Regard for him, avoid him for the future.* The poor Woman burſt into a Flood of Tears, and ſaid ſhe was betray'd by his reiterated Promiſes

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back'd with ſolemn Oaths, to make her his lawful Wife. This he denied as paſſionately, which made the Woman vilify him in the moſt opprobrious Terms. At length Mrs. *Davies*'s Temper and Reaſons brought them to a Calm; but the poor Creature went away weeping, and with a ſeeming Reſolution never to ſee him more. When ſhe was gone, Mrs. *Davies* repreſented to him, in the blackeſt Colours, the Villainy of ſeducing young Women by Promiſes of Marriage; and told him after this, That notwithſtanding the Hardſhips ſhe had gone through, ſhe had ſtill an Inclination to continue in the Service, and to that End would paſs as his Brother, and furniſh him with what Neceſſaries he wanted, while he conceal'd her Sex; but if ever he diſcover'd her, he ſhould find her a dangerous Enemy.

What then, ſaid he, *have you run ſo many Hazards, borne the Fatigue of ſo many Years, only to have the Satisfaction of tormenting me? Do you call this Love? Baniſh me your Bed!* ---- Mrs. *Davies* interrupted him with ſaying, *He had forfeited his Right to it, by having taken another to his; that her Reſolution was fixed, and therefore deſired he would put an end to a vain Solicitation, till Accident, or Peace, diſcover'd her to be a Woman. Well*, ſaid he, *I hope Time will mollify you; I muſt obey.* After having ſat together ſome little time, Mrs. *Davies* gave her Huſband a Piece of Gold, telling him, he would find her a kind and generous Brother; but that he muſt not think of enjoying his Wife, while ſhe could remain concealed, and the War laſted. He embraced her paſſionately,

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and they withdrew to their reſpective Poſts. They ſaw and converſed with each other every Day, and her Huſband kept the Secret according to her Deſire.

Having ſecured their Priſoners, they return'd to the Army, which, under the Command of the Duke of *Marlborough*, cover'd the Siege of *Landau* before mention'd. After the Surrender of this Town, they were order'd to Winter Quarters in *Holland*, leaving the Foot, among which was Mrs. *Davies*'s Huſband, behind them.

Our Heroine obtain'd Leave to viſit the *Hague*, and from thence made a Tour to *Rotterdam*. In the *Drag-Schoot*, happening to ſit by a pretty *Dutch* Girl, and praiſe her Beauty, the Girl return'd, *You are very complaiſant, Sir; but I don't know any one to whom I would more willingly appear agreeable; you are a pretty young Fellow. I find*, ſays Mrs. *Davies*, *you are turning me into Ridicule for ſpeaking my Sentiments: Indeed, what I ſaid was needleſs, becauſe you cannot but be conſcious of your own Perfections; but out of the Fulneſs of the Heart the Mouth ſpeaks. The very Reaſon*, replied ſhe, *that, before I was aware, I ſpoke my Thoughts, which are altogether as ſincere as your Compliment. Were they ſo*, ſaid Mrs. *Davies*, *I ſhould be the happieſt Man in the whole Army of the Allies. And could I make you that happy Man*, replied the Girl, *it would perhaps make me the moſt miſerable Woman in the World. Then you are of opinion*, ſays Mrs. *Davies*, *that a Soldier cannot make a good Huſband. That is not my Reaſon*, anſwer'd the Girl; *but becauſe I ſhould be in continual Appre-*

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enſion for your Life, and never know a Minute's Peace in your Abſence. After more Diſcourſe of this Nature, the Schoot arriv'd at *Delft*, which Town they croſs'd, in order to take another Schoot at *Amſterdam*. Mrs. *Davies* gallanted her pretty Lady through the Street, ſaid all the fine things ſhe could think of, and was very importunate to know the Place of her Abode. In a word, on their Arrival at *Amſterdam*, ſhe permitted Mrs. *Davies* to conduct her to her Lodgings, and call'd for a Bottle of Wine. After this Refreſhment, and ſeveral Compliments paſs'd on each ſide, Mrs. *Davies* took her Leave, telling her Fair-one ſhe would take a more convenient Opportunity to wait upon her. She got a Lodging in a Houſe where a *Scots* Serjeant of her Acquaintance, whoſe Name was *John Beggs*, then lodg'd. They were glad to ſee each other, ſupp'd together, and over a Bottle ſhe told *John* what a fortunate Adventure ſhe had met with in her Paſſage. *I aſſure you*, ſaid he, *you have Reaſon to call it fortunate, for they are mighty virtuous young Ladies; there are three Siſters and the Mother, who live together, and are noted for their extenſive Charity. I have the Honour to be well acquainted with the Family; if you conſent to it, we'll wait on them to-morrow.* This Propoſal Mrs. *Davies* readily agreed to.

The next Day, after Dinner, they went to pay a Viſit to the young Lady, and were introduced into the ſame Parlour Mrs. *Davies* had been in the Evening before. *John* bid the Maid bring a Bottle of Wine, and tell the Lady of the Houſe he was there. Mrs. *Davies* reprimanded

manded him for his Freedom, and told him ſhe thought he took as much Liberty as if he was in a publick Houſe. *Oh*, ſaid he, *they allow me to take what Liberty I pleaſe: They are the beſt natur'd Family in* Holland. At that Inſtant the young Lady came in, whom *John* taking hold of, pull'd upon his Knee, and ſhe ſuffer'd him to take ſuch Liberties as convinc'd Mrs. *Davies* that there was not a Family of more extenſive Charity; of which ſhe ſoon gave her a farther Proof, by throwing her Arms round her Neck, and endeavouring to kiſs her. Mrs. *Davies* puſh'd her rudely off, and would have gone directly out of the Houſe, had not the Lady placed herſelf before the Door, telling her, ſhe muſt firſt pay for the Bottle of Wine ſhe had the Evening before. Upon being told it was a *Guilder*, ſhe threw down the Money, and flew out of the Houſe in a Rage. *John* paid the other Bottle, and follow'd her, ready to ſplit his Sides with Laughter.

Having viſited *Amſterdam*, our Heroine return'd to her Quarters, where ſhe ſtaid till the Opening of the Campaign of 1705. The Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at the *Hague* the middle of *April*, and having placed himſelf at the Head of the Army, march'd towards the *Moſelle*, to join the *Germans* betimes, not doubting but the *French* would draw off from the *Low-Countries* a conſiderable Number of their Forces, and ſend them the ſame Way to oppoſe the Allies; but the *French* were ſatisfied the Duke would loſe a great deal of Time in waiting for the *Germans*, and were therefore determined in the mean time to undertake ſome important Expedition

pedition on the *Maeſe*. The *Dutch* Army, not being ſtrong enough to keep the Field, was entrench'd under the Cannon of *Maeſtricht*. The *French* quitting their Lines on the 27th of *May*, the next Day inveſted *Huy*. The Town, which was defenceleſs, immediately ſurrender'd. On the 30th at Night, the Trenches were opened before Fort *Picard*, which was carried on the third Aſſault. They then raiſed new Batteries againſt the others, and made ſuch a terrible Fire, that *Cronſtrom*, who was Governor, was obliged to ſurrender Priſoner of War.

The *French* taking *Huy*, and laying Siege to the Citadel of *Liege*, together with the Want of Magazines on the *Moſelle*, by which the Duke's Army began to ſuffer, and the Diſtance of the *Germans* rendering it impoſſible for them to join him time enough to undertake any thing conſiderable on that Side, obliged the Duke to quit the *Moſelle*. He was no ſooner arriv'd in the Neighbourhood of *Maeſtricht*, but the *French* abandon'd the City of *Liege*, raiſed the Siege of the Citadel, and withdrew, as uſual, into their Lines. The Army being now united, retook *Huy*; and, by the Advice of the Duke, reſolv'd to attack the Enemy's Lines. They accordingly march'd directly to attack them at one and the ſame time at *Heilisheim*, and at the Villages of *Nederheſpen* and *Ooſtmalen*. The Vanguard being, at Break of Day, arriv'd at the Place of Rendezvous, Count *Noyelles* immediately aſſaulted the Caſtle of *Wang*, which, after a ſmall Defence, he carried, and entering the Lines with the Runaways, drew up in Order of Battle.

Lieutenant-General *Schultz*, with as great Facility, made himſelf Maſter of the Villages of *Overheſpen* and *Nederheſpen*; by which the Horſe and Dragoons having Openings to enter the Lines, the Duke led them on, and form'd them to make head againſt the Enemy. They were ſoon oppoſed by a large Body of Horſe and Foot; but the Duke charged them ſo briſkly, that he entirely routed them, and made himſelf Maſter of eight Pieces of Cannon. The reſt of the *French*, who were advancing to ſupport the foremoſt Corps, ſeeing their Horſe take to flight, follow'd their Example. This Succeſs was follow'd by the taking of *Tirlemont*, where the Garriſon were made Priſoners. The *French* Army, which was obliged to retreat, ſome towards *Namur*, and others towards *Louvain*, found Means to unite and entrench themſelves behind the *Dyle*. The Duke would have attack'd them here, but was oppoſed by the *Dutch*; which he reſented ſo much, that the *States*, to give him Satisfaction, removed General *Schlangenburg*, who made the Oppoſition. After having continued ſome time in View of the Enemy, the Allies marched to *Leuwe*, and inveſted it, notwithſtanding its being ſituated in the middle of a Moraſs. The Siege was carried on ſo vigorouſly by Lieutenant General *Dedem*, that the Baron *du Mont*, who commanded in the Place, offered to ſurrender, on condition of having military Honours allow'd him. This being rejected, he and his Garriſon were ſoon compell'd to yield themſelves Priſoners of War.

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The confederate Army having levell'd the *French* Lines, broken the Sluices, and demoliſh'd the Outworks of *Tirlemont*, marched to *Herenthals*, and the Duke made a Tour to the *Hague*. On his Return to the Army, they beſieged *Sanduliet*, which in three Days time ſurrender'd. The taking of this Town putting an end to the Operations of the Campaign, the Duke of *Marlborough* went to *Vienna*, where he was received with the higheſt Marks of Diſtinction. The Emperor confirmed him Prince of the Empire, erected the Diſtrict of *Mildenheim* into a Principality for him, and gave Advice of it to the Diet of *Ratiſbon*, enjoining them to receive a Deputy of this Principality, and to give him Place in their Seſſions.

Nothing worth the Reader's Notice happen'd to our Heroine in particular this Winter. New Recruits and Horſes arrived in *Holland* the 3d of *April* 1706, and the Duke of *Marlborough*, with a Number of Volunteers, landed there on the 25th. The Enemy had wrought hard all Winter upon their Entrenchments behind the *Dyle*, and on the fortifying *Louvain*, where they had brought together prodigious Quantities of Flour, Hay, Oats, and all Sorts of Ammunition.

The Duke of *Lorrain*, fearing his Country would be made the Seat of War, from the Duke of *Marlborough*'s March to the *Moſelle* in 1705, when he drew near his Frontiers, ſent the Count *Martigny* to his Grace, with a very complaiſant Letter; in which he intreated him to uſe that Moderation towards a defenceleſs Country, which had, on many other Occa-

ſions, heighten'd his great Character. He alſo obtain'd from the King of the *Romans*, the Emperor's Protection; and, by a Memorial, deſir'd the *States General* to obſerve the ſame Neutrality. His Envoy receiv'd the following Anſwer to his Memorial: "That the *States* "having been inform'd that the *French* had "not only poſſeſſed themſelves of very advan- "tagious Poſts in *Lorrain*, but were actually "at work to fortify *Nancy*, they could not "look upon ſuch a Procedure as other than an "Infraction of the Neutrality, which they had "deſir'd the Duke to obſerve, by compelling "the *French* to evacuate thoſe Places which "they had ſeized." *France* however was very far from ſuch a Diſpoſition; for the King apprehending an Invaſion by the way of *Lorrain*, in the very Beginning of this Year placed Garriſons in all the Duke's fortified Towns, and obliged him to furniſh three Millions of Livres yearly, towards the Expence of the War.

This little Digreſſion may ſerve to give the Reader ſome Idea of the Situation of Affairs at that Time.

Every thing being ready for opening the Campaign, the Army of the Allies encamp'd between *Corris* and *Tourine*. The *French* alſo left their Entrenchments on the *Dyle*, with deſign to ſurprize the Allies, while they were ſuperior; for they had certain Intelligence, that the Elector of *Brandenbourg* would not be over haſty in ſending his Troops to the Rendezvous, and that the *Danes* had refuſed to march, by reaſon of the Arrears due to them. The *States* being appriz'd of the Deſigns of the *French*

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wrote to the *Danes* to join the Army with all poſſible Expedition, and they would give them immediate Satisfaction. They readily obey'd, and, after taking proper Meaſures, it was reſolved rather to attack than wait the Enemy. The *French*, who were advanced as far as *Ramelies*, meeting the Allies on their March, were terribly embarraſſed: However, there was no avoiding a Battle; which began about Two in the Afternoon. The Left Wing of the Confederate Army, which attack'd the Right Wing of the Enemy, met with a ſtout Reſiſtance, but at length put them to flight; and their Right Wing was not leſs ſucceſsful, In a word, the Enemy was every where entirely routed, and never Victory was more compleat. The ſhatter'd Remains of their Army fled different Ways in the greateſt Confuſion: A vaſt Number were taken Priſoners in the Purſuit, many Colours and Standards, Artillery, Ammunition, and Baggage. Mrs. *Davies* eſcaped unhurt, tho' in the hotteſt of the Battle, till the *French* were entirely defeated; when an unlucky Shell from a Steeple, on which they had planted ſome Mortars, ſtruck the back Part of her Head, and fractur'd her Skull. She was carried to a ſmall Town in the Quarter of *Louvain*, where ſhe was trepan'd, and had all poſſible Care taken of her, but did not recover in leſs than ſix Weeks. What gave her more Uneaſineſs than the Wound itſelf, was, that the Surgeons ſaw her Breaſts, and by that means made a Diſcovery of her Sex; with which they ſoon acquainted Brigadier *Preſton*, telling him that his Pretty Dragoon (for ſo ſhe was always called)

was in fact a Woman. He was very loth to believe it, and did her the Honour to ſay, *He had always look'd upon her as the prettieſt Fellow and the beſt Man he had.* His Incredulity made him ſend for her ſuppoſed Brother, who finding the Secret diſcover'd, acknowledged that ſhe was his Wife, and that he had had three Children by her. The News of this Diſcovery ſpread far and near, and brought Mrs. *Davies* abundance of Viſiters, and Lord *John Hayes* amongſt the reſt. My Lord firſt examin'd her Comrade, who proteſted that he never knew or even ſuſpected, that his Bedfellow was a Woman. Her Huſband being then call'd in, gave my Lord a full Account of his Wife's Adventures, and the Reaſon of them; adding the Particulars of their meeting, and her obſtinate Refuſal of bedding with him. My Lord ſeem'd very well entertain'd with our *Amazon's* Hiſtory, and order'd that ſhe ſhould want for nothing, and that her Pay ſhould be continued while ſhe was under Cure. When his Lordſhip heard ſhe was well enough to go abroad he ſent her ſome Shirts and Sheets to make up to Shifts. Brigadier *Preſton* made her a Preſent of a handſome Silk Gown; and every one of the Officers contributed ſomething requiſite to the Dreſs of her Sex, diſmiſſing her the Service with a handſome Compliment. Being thus equipp'd, ſhe waited on all her Benefactors to return them Thanks. Lord *Hayes* ſaid, *I hoped ſhe would not continue her Cruelty to her Huſband.* She anſwer'd, *My Lord, the Diſcovery of my Sex has now removed the Cauſe, and I have no Objection to living with my Huſband*

as *'tis the Duty of an honeſt Wife. Well,* ſaid my Lord, *I am ſatisfied; we will have a new Wedding.* Accordingly all the Officers of the Regiment were invited, and the Marriage Ceremony was again repeated with great Solemnity: After which every one would kiſs the Bride, and made her very handſome Preſents at parting.

Mrs. *Davies*, who had always an Averſion to an idle Life, and, having now no Pay, was under a Neceſſity of doing ſomething for a Support, undertook to cook for the Regiment, returning to her Huſband's Quarters every Night. She did not long carry on this Buſineſs, as the cloſe Attendance it requir'd prevented her marauding, which was vaſtly more beneficial. After ſhe had given over cooking, ſhe turned Sutler, and by the Indulgence of the Officers was permitted to pitch her Tent in the Front, while others were driven to the Rear of the Army.

The Rapidity of the Conqueſts which attended the Victory of *Ramelies* is ſo remarkable, that we cannot paſs it over in Silence.

The victorious Army having reſted the Night which follow'd the Battle, briſkly purſued the Enemy the next Morning, and croſſed the *Dyle* near *Louvain*. This large City ſubmitted, and the Allies placed a Garriſon in it. Hence they march'd on to *Bruſſels*, from which Place the Elector of *Bavaria* had retired after the laſt Battle. Wherefore, the Town being ſummon'd by a Letter from the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Deputies of the *States*, opened her Gates, and ſubmitted to King *Charles*. *Mecklin* and *Lire* follow'd this Example.

The Elector of *Bavaria* ſeem'd determin'd to ſtand the Allies behind the *Scheld*, near *Ghent*, with the Troops he had ſaved: But they did not give him Time to entrench himſelf; for they decamp'd from *Grimbergen*, and being advanced as far as *Meerbeek*, they heard that the Enemy had abandon'd the Lines in *Flanders*. While the Army was on its March, Mrs. *Davies* join'd it, being entirely recover'd. On this Advice *Ghent* was ſummon'd, which ſurrender'd to Major-General *Cadogan*. General *Fagel* poſſeſſed himſelf of *Bruges*, and, without ſtriking a Stroke, made himſelf Maſter of *Damme*, and of the Caſtle of *Rodenhuis*, or *Red Houſe*. After the Enemy had abandon'd all their Lines in the Country of *Waas*, the Garriſon of *Antwerp* making a Shew of Defence, General *Cadogan* marched thither with twelve hundred Men, and ſummon'd the Place. After many Parleys, the Garriſon capitulated. The next Day the *French* alſo evacuated Fort *Pearl*, Fort *Mary*, and Fort *Philip*, ſituated on the *Scheld*, and near to *Antwerp*. Even *Oudenarde*, being ſummon'd on the 1ſt of *June*, ſurrender'd the next Day. Thus the winning of one ſingle Battle reduced all *Brabant*, and a great Part of *Flanders*.

After this ſucceſsful Opening of the Campaign, the Duke of *Marlborough* went to the *Hague*, to conſult with the *States General* on the Plan of military Operations. On his Return he immediately inveſted *Oſtend* by Land, while Admiral *Fairborn* block'd it up by Sea. The Town could not be entirely incloſed, without taking Fort *de Plaſendaal*; which General *Fagel*

Fagel attack'd with ſuch Reſolution, that he carried it, and made the Garriſon Priſoners of War. The Fire upon the Town, both from the Land and Sea, was ſo terrible, that it capitulated in a few Days, though it had, under the Government of Archduke *Albert*, held out a three Years Siege.

After the Reduction of *Oſtend*, the Town of *Courtray* ſent Deputies to the Generals to make its Submiſſion, the *French* having abandon'd it after they had exacted large Contributions. The next thing the Army undertook was the Siege of *Menin*, with two hundred Pieces of Cannon; which Place, though call'd the Key of *France*, held out but eighteen Days after the Trenches were opened, and ſurrender'd upon Terms, in a Month after it was inveſted. The Allies loſt a great many Men in this Siege. Mrs. *Davies* was not obliged to expoſe herſelf to any Danger; which ſhe did however, by following her Huſband, whom ſhe would never abandon. While the Army ſtaid here to fill up the Works and repair the Breaches, General *Churchill* was detached to reduce *Dendermonde*; which made a more obſtinate Reſiſtance than was expected, but ſurrender'd on the 5th of *September*.

The Siege of *Aeth* was next undertaken, by Field-Marſhal *Ouwerkerke*, or *Auverquerque*. General *Ingoldſby* broke Ground on the 20th at Night, with the Loſs of one Man only; for the Enemy imagining the Trenches would be opened on the contrary Side, had drawn their Strength to that Quarter. When our Heroine's Huſband marched with General *Ingoldſby* to the Side where they were to break Ground, he left her

her boiling the Pot, with which ſhe deſign'd to regale him and the Officers of his Regiment. When the Meat was ready, ſhe cover'd it with Cloths ſo cloſe that no Steam could get out, and venturing through a Village belonging to the Enemy, by a Circuit of five Miles, got ſafe with her Proviſions on her Head to the Trench. Having found her Huſband, ſhe ſet the Broth and Meat before him; he invited his Colonel and other Officers, who were not a little ſurprized at the Riſque his Wife had run, and that ſhe could bring it hot ſuch a Length of Way. Lord *Auverquerque*, who was come to thank the Officers and Soldiers for their Diligence, ſtood talking to ſome of the former, when Mrs. *Davies*, looking through the Sand-Bags, ſaw a Soldier who came out of the Town to gather Turnips. She took a Piece out of one of the Soldiers Hands, and call'd to an Officer to ſee her ſhoot him. 'Tis probable they were juſt then perceived; for the Inſtant ſhe kill'd the Man, a Muſquet-Shot from the Town came through the Sand-Bags, ſplit her under Lip, beat one of her Teeth into her Mouth, and knock'd her down. Both this Shot, and that which Mrs. *Davies* fir'd at the Soldier, were ſo exactly at a Time, that none could tell whether ſhe fell by the recoiling of her own Piece, or the Enemy's Ball. Her Huſband ran to take her up, imagining ſhe was ſhot through the Head; but ſhe convinced him to the contrary, by ſpitting the Ball and Tooth into her Hand. General *Ingoldſby*'s Surgeon ſewed up her Lip, and took proper Care of her. Lord *Auverquerque*, who had ſeen what paſſed, made

her

her a Preſent of five Piſtoles. In a few Days the Breaches were ſo wide, that the Beſieged beat the Chamade; but all Terms were refuſed them, and the Garriſon obliged to ſurrender Priſoners of War. The Reduction of this Town put and End to the Campaign of 1706 in the *Low Countries*, and the Army ſoon after march'd into Winter Quarters. Mrs. *Davies*'s Regiment (for ſo we call that to which her Huſband belong'd) was quarter'd in *Ghent*, where ſhe was deliver'd of a Child before her Time, which lived about half a Year. Rather than live an idle Life, ſhe hired herſelf to Mrs. *Dupper*, the head Sutler, to be under the Cook. While ſhe was in this Service, the Cook had one Day Orders to dreſs ſomething for Mr. *Stone* the Surgeon, which was ready for the Table, when Lieutenant *St. Leiger* came into the Kitchen, and would have it for himſelf; the Cook would not yield to it, and the Lieutenant knock'd him down. Mrs. *Davies*, irritated at the Injuſtice of the Action, ran to the Lieutenant, collar'd him, threw up his Heels, and in the Fall he broke his Leg. Mr. *Dupper*, Mr. *Stone*, and ſeveral others ran in, and every one allow'd her to have been in the right. Mr. *Stone* refuſed to ſet his Leg, which was done by a *French* Surgeon, but after ſuch a bungling Manner, that it was no ſmall Mortification to him, who was a tall, ſtrong, well-made, black Man, and had no ſmall Opinion of himſelf.

During Mrs. *Davies*'s Stay in *Ghent*, the *Dutch* Woman, with whom ſhe found her Huſband at *Breda*, had the Confidence to take a Lodging

a Lodging oppoſite to theirs; and one Day, juſt at Dinner-time, inveigled him to an Ale-houſe. Mrs. *Davies* going out to look for him, was inform'd where he was, and with what Company. This News ſetting her in a Flame, ſhe ran thither directly, and ſaw them ſitting in a Box, the Woman outermoſt. Her Rage was ſo great, that ſhe ſtruck at her with a Caſe-Knife, and cut her Noſe off cloſe to her Face, except a ſmall Part of the Skin, by which it hung. Her Huſband leaping over the Table, ran to the main Guard for a Surgeon, who ſew'd it on again; but the Wound, however, diſfigur'd her. Mrs. *Davies*'s Huſband, by Order of the Colonel, was confined, and reprimanded very ſeverely: His *Dulcinia* did not come off ſo eaſily, for ſhe was put into a turning Stool, and whirl'd round till ſhe was dizzy, and ſo ſick that ſhe emptied her Stomach. This Stool is like a round Cage, big enough to hold one Perſon, fix'd upon a Spindle, in which the Criminal is expoſed to the Ridicule of all the By-ſtanders. After ſhe had undergone this Puniſhment, ſhe was conducted out of the Gates of the Town with great Ceremony. Mrs. *Davies* afterwards acknowledg'd, that the Violence of her Temper, which was a very jealous one, carried her too far on this Occaſion; for in the Place where ſhe found them, they could not have wrong'd her; nor had ſhe any Reaſon to think her Huſband had been guilty of any criminal Familiarity with Women from the Time ſhe found him. The Woman who raiſed this Jealouſy married at *Groningen*; where Mrs. *Davies* often afterwards met her,

her, and was as well pleaſed, as ſhe was mortified, at the Figure ſhe made by the Amputation of her Noſe, and its being ſtitch'd on again.

Soon after her rough Treatment of her Huſband's Miſtreſs, a Man and Women were executed for a barbarous Murder. The Man was married to a very handſome Woman at *Oudenarde*, by whom he had had three Children, and who was, at the Time he perpetrated this Villainy, big of the fourth. The Female Criminal was his Servant, a very pretty Girl, with whom he carried on an Intrigue; and, that he might do it without Controul, reſolved to take off his Wife by Poiſon, which he accordingly prepared, and bad the Wench put it into her Miſtreſs's Water-gruel; then went to *Ghent*. She punctually obey this Order, and it had the dire Effect propoſed: The poor Woman ſwell'd amazingly, and was in the utmoſt Torture. Her little Boy, about nine Years old, hearing his Mother cry out in her Agonies, ran and brought her Relations; but nothing could relieve her; and it being evident that ſhe was poiſon'd, the Maid was ſecured, who in Priſon confeſs'd that ſhe had put ſomething into her Miſtreſs's Water-gruel by her Maſter's Order. Upon this Confeſſion, four Men were appointed to watch his Return to the Town, which was about Sun-ſet. He was immediately ſeiz'd and put into a ſeparate Priſon, and in a few Days the whole Truth was ſifted out; on which they were condemn'd, and the next Day executed; the Maid was beheaded, and the Maſter broke upon the Wheel.

After

After the Execution was over, they were hung in Chains, the Woman by the Heels, the Man by the Neck.

Mrs. *Davies* and others marching that way ſome time after this Execution, one of the Company obſerving a Bird go in an out of a certain Part of the Woman's Body that may be eaſily gueſs'd at, cried out, *Z-----s, there's a Bird's Neſt*, and nam'd the Place, which Modeſty forbids us to repeat. However, Mrs. *Davies* went to ſearch, and pull'd out five young Birds juſt fledg'd, to the Amazement of all that beheld them. And ſince, near *Holloway*, as ſhe was walking one Summer's Evening, ſhe obſerv'd a Multitude of People taking notice of a Bird flying in and out through the Sockets of the Eye of a Man hung in Chains. When Mrs. *Davies* told the Mob ſhe was aſſur'd a Bird had built her Neſt there, in general they hooted her with Scorn: But offering to lay a Wager of a Crown to prove her Aſſertion, ſhe was ſoon taken up; and procuring a Ladder from a neighbouring Houſe, ſhe clapp'd it againſt the Gibbet, mounted it, and drew out a Wren's Neſt with five Eggs. The Man who had laid the Wager with her, wanted to be off and thought, becauſe ſhe was a Woman, to laugh her out of it: But ſhe not being uſed to ſuch Trifling, declar'd if he would not give her the Crown, ſhe would have it out of his Bones. *Well*, replied the Fellow, *you ſhall have it if you can get it. Shall I*, ſaid ſhe? *I'll try that.* Upon which ſhe flew at him, giving and receiving ſeveral ſmart Blows; till at laſt ſhe ſeiz'd him by the Collar, tripp'd up his Heels

Heels, laid him a-croſs her Knees, pull'd down his Breeches, and gave him three or four Slaps on his bare Bum, among ſeveral hundred Spectators, who applauded her Revenge with loud Huzza's! That done, ſhe ſeiz'd him by the Legs, and ſhook his Money out of his Pocket upon the Ground. She took up her Crown, telling him ſhe ſhould take but her own, and he might go to the Devil with the reſt. He took the Remainder, put up his Breeches, and ſneak'd off with a hollowing Mob at his Tail. This Rencounter prov'd very lucky to Mrs. *Davies*, for the Engagement ſtopp'd ſeveral Gentlemen to ſee the Event of it; and among them a Collection was made of eight Pounds fourteen Shillings, which ſhe carried home in Triumph.

As the Year 1706 was remarkable for Prince *Eugene*'s raiſing the Siege of *Turin*, we think it will not be diſagreeable to take a Step into *Italy*, and give a ſhort Account of the Situation of Affairs in *Savoy*. On the 29th of *September* the *French* inveſted *Turin*, but they withdrew from thence on the 10th of *October*, and attempted *Aſti*; but falling there, they made themſelves amends by the Reduction of *Nice*, which the Duke of *Berwick* inveſted and took by Capitulation.

During the Winter, 1705, the King of *France* had made vaſt Preparations for the Reduction of the Capital of *Savoy*. The Duke, on the other hand, did not loſe Courage, but did every thing that a brave and prudent Prince ought, for the Defence of his Country; employing the Subſidies he drew from *England*

and

and *Holland*, in well ſtoring his Metropolis wit
Proviſion and Ammunition, in repairing th
old, and adding new Fortifications. The Tow
being inveſted, was aſſaulted and defended wit
equal and ſurprizing Bravery. While the
were furiouſly intent upon taking and retakin
the Outworks, Prince *Eugene* began his Marc
for *Italy* with the *Imperial* Army, greatly rei
forced by the auxilliary Troops of *England* an
Holland. He broke through all the Obſtacl
the *French* threw in his Way, and ſubſiſted h
Army in the midſt of an Enemy's Countr
which he was obliged to croſs, paſſed ſeve
large Rivers, and in thirty-four Marches join
the Duke of *Savoy* on the 1ſt of *Septembe*
within four Leagues of *Turin*. On the 7th
the Morning they march'd up to attack th
Beſiegers, reſerving their own Fire, and recei
ing the Enemy's at the very Foot of their E
trenchments, where they fell upon them wi
ſuch Fury, and made ſuch a terrible Slaught
that the *French* abandon'd all their Artille
and Ammunition, and ſought their Safety
their Flight. This glorious Victory not on
deliver'd the Capital, but retriev'd what t
Duke had loſt, and was follow'd by the Su
miſſion of the *Milaneſe* to King *Charles* III.

BRITISH MUSEUM

End of the FIRST PART.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF Mrs. CHRISTIAN DAVIES.

PART II.

WE are now come to the Year 1707, in which Marſhal *Villars* forced the Lines of *Stolhoſſen*, on the *Upper Rhine*, got a conſiderable Booty, took two hundred Pieces of Cannon, and open'd himſelf a Paſſage into *Germany*. This made the Court of *Vienna* ſtrenuouſly ſolicit the *States General* and the Electors, to ſend immediately Succours for the Defence of the Empire, and offer the Command of the *Imperial* Army, as Generaliſſimo, to the Elector of *Hanover*, the late King *George*, who accepted it, at the Solicitation of Queen *Anne* and the *States Ge-*

neral; but nothing was done on the *Upper Rhine* this Campaign.

The Duke of *Marlborough* arriv'd at the *Hague* in *May*, and from thence ſet out for the Army encamp'd at *Lembeek*. The Attention of all being turn'd on the Siege of *Toulon*, where the Allies miſcarried, nothing of Importance was done this Campaign in the *Low Countries:* Let us therefore turn our Eyes upon *Spain*, where the Allies having raiſed the Siege of *Barcelona*, penetrated as far as *Madrid*, which King *Philip* abandon'd and went to head the Succours ſent him by *France*. Theſe were ſo conſiderable, that being join'd with the Troops that had been compell'd to raiſe the Siege of *Barcelona*, his Army was much ſtronger than that of the Allies; wherefore they thought proper to quit this Capital in their Turn. King *Charles* join'd the Army on the 8th of *Auguſt*, with two Regiments of Horſe and three Battalions; but having let ſlip the Opportunity, the beſt they could now do, was to march to the Frontiers of *Valencia* and *Murcia*, and ſo diſtribute the Winter Quarters as to be able to cover thoſe two Kingdoms, with *Arragon* and *Catalonia*. King *Charles* with a few Troops withdrew to *Barcelona*, and on his Retreat the *French* took in a great Number of Towns, Caſtles, and Forts. In the Spring it was reſolved to aſſemble all the Troops in one Body, and by the Way of *Arragon* to penetrate into *Caſtile*. The whole Army took the Field on the 6th of *April*, to put the Project in Execution. The Number of the Allies was fifty three Squadrons and forty-two Battalions, which having

having deſtroy'd ſeveral of the Enemy's Magazines, they beſieged the Caſtle of *Villena*; but before any Breach made, the Enemy, having near *Almanza* form'd a Body of ſeventy-ſix Squadrons and fifty-four Battalions, were preparing to march and join ſeven or eight thouſand *French* under the Command of the Duke of *Orleans*. As the Allies did not imagine the Enemy ſo ſtrong, it was reſolved in a Council of War to attack them before their propoſed Junction. The *Engliſh* and *Dutch* who began the Fight, notwithſtanding they behaved with as much Bravery as Men could do, were twice repulſed, and the Enemy obtain'd a compleat Victory: About three thouſand were taken Priſoners, and the better Part of the Foot was cut to pieces. The Havock made of the Allies had been much greater, and poſſibly no Quarters had been given, if the Duke of *Berwick* had not interpoſed.

After this ſignal Victory the Conquerors found no Difficulty to make themſelves Maſters of almoſt all the Kingdom of *Valencia*; and dividing their Army into three Corps, that under the Duke of *Orleans* took in *Calatajud*, and appear'd before *Saragoſſa*. The Garriſon withdrew the Night before into *Catalonia*, ſo that the Town came to the beſt Terms they could with the Duke, who put into it two thouſand Men. The Chevalier *d' Asfeldt*, who commanded the ſecond Corps, after having taken *Xativa* Sword in Hand, march'd to beſiege *Alicant*. In the Interim the Earl of *Galway*, having drawn out the Garriſons of ſeveral Places, had taken Poſt behind the *Segre*; but the Duke

of *Berwick*, with a third Body, having join'd the Duke of *Orleans*, it was reſolved to diſlodge the *Engliſh* General, to croſs the *Eber*, and to penetrate into *Catalonia*. The Cannon being arriv'd, they placed it on the Bank of the *Cinca*, and made ſo ſtrong a Fire upon four Squadrons poſted on the other Side, that they were obliged to retire: After which the Enemy croſs'd the River, and laid Siege to *Lerida*. The Place was garriſon'd by 3000 *Engliſh*, the Fortifications in good Repair, and the Gardens, Trees, and Houſes in the Neighbourhood all deſtroy'd. The violent Heats being over, the Duke of *Orleans* ſent his Foot before, and follow'd them with the Horſe in a few Days. Notwithſtanding the Beſieged made a gallant Defence, the Aſſailants puſh'd forward their Works; and having made a Breach large enough to attack the cover'd Way, they made a Lodgment there, after an obſtinate and bloody Diſpute. This obliged the Garriſon to retire to the Caſtle; but the Duke of *Orleans* having carried the Outworks Sword in Hand the firſt of *November*, made ſeveral Mines, and batter'd the main Body of the Place. The Garriſon being thus ſtreighten'd, capitulated on the 10th, was allow'd all military Honours, and a free Pardon was granted to the Inhabitants.

Ciudad-Rodrigo in the Kingdom of *Leon* was taken on Capitulation. The Winter drawing on, nothing more was done in *Catalonia* this Campaign. In *Flanders*, the *French* and Allies were in a manner inactive; though the former were ſecretly employ'd at home in preparing for the Execution of a Project, which, had it ſuc-

ceeded

ceeded, would have quite diſconcerted the lat-
ter, and have made *Lewis* XIV. triumph over
all his Enemies: But the *Dutch* diſcover'd his
Preparations, and gave notice to the Queen of
England, that a Deſign was form'd of making
a Deſcent in ſome Part of her Dominions in
favour of the *Pretender*. The Event proved
the Truth of the Intelligence; for the *French*
actually embark'd twelve Battalions on board
a ſufficient Number of Ships, with ſome thou-
ſands of ſpare Arms, and four Millions of Li-
vres. On the 5th of *March*, 1708, the King
went to *St. Germain's* to take his Leave of the
Pretender, and made him a Preſent of a Sword
ſet with Diamonds worth 50,000 Livres, de-
ſiring him to remember that it was a *French*
word. Having made a ſuitable Compliment
to the King, and taken Leave of the *Dauphin*
and the other Princes of the Blood, he ſet ſail
from *Dunkirk* for *Scotland*, in hopes of being
join'd there by ſuch Malecontents as were averſe
to the Union, and by their Aſſiſtance, and the
Troops that follow'd, to reduce the Kingdom
of *Great-Britain*.

The *Engliſh* and *States General* ſoon got rea-
dy a Fleet of forty Men of War under the
Command of the late Lord *Torrington*, who
follow'd the *French*, having Advice of their
Departure and Courſe. In the mean while ſome
Engliſh Troops, drawn out of the Garriſons of
Flanders, were ſent to *England* by the Way of
Ireland. The *Pretender* came to an Anchor
near *Edinburgh*, and fir'd the Number of Can-
non agreed upon, hoping the Signal would raiſe
ſome thouſands of Malecontents to ſupport his

Pretenſions. Preparations were making to diſ-
embark his Troops; but the *Engliſh* appearing
in Sight, ſuſpended their landing. A Council
however was held, in which it was reſolved to
ſend three Ships cloſe to the Town, to land
their Troops in caſe they perceiv'd any Com-
motion in their favour; but theſe finding none
moved, except to oppoſe them in the Attempt
they were oblig'd to drop the Enterprize, and
make the beſt of their way to the Coaſt of
France. This unſucceſsful Project only ſerv'd
to irritate the Allies, and brought them to a
Reſolution of acting with more Vigour than
they had yet done. To this End the Duke of
Marlborough ſet out for *Brabant* to draw the
Army together. The *French* alſo on their ſide
aſſembled their Forces. After many Motions
both Armies entrenched themſelves, as if they
deſign'd to try which would be firſt weary of
ſtaying; but on a ſudden, when none expected
it, the *French* ſent away ſixteen thouſand Men
who march'd to *Aloſt*, and broke all the Bridges
behind them. The Body of their Army arri-
ving at *Halle*, Orders were ſent to the above
Detachment to march with all ſpeed to *Ghent*,
each Horſeman with a Foot-Soldier behind him.
They arriv'd as the Gates were opening, and
having forced the Guards of Burghers, made
themſelves Maſters of the Town; upon which
the Garriſon immediately capitulated. At the
ſame time the Count *de la Motte*, marching
with a Body of thirteen thouſand Men to *Bruges*,
found the Town unprovided with Troops, and
ſeiz'd upon it; after which he carried Fort *Pla-*
ſandal Sword in Hand.

At the firſt Intelligence of the March of the *French*, the Allies purſued them with all poſſible Expedition, but could not prevent their continuing their March: Wherefore, on Advice of the Loſs of the above-mention'd Places, they march'd with all ſpeed towards *Oudenarde* to meet with the Enemy, and force them to a Battle. To this End M. *Rantzau* and General *Cadogan* were detached to ſecure the Paſs of *Leſſines*, while the Army bent its March the ſame way. Theſe Officers diſcover'd the *French* Army entrench'd below *Oudenarde*, on a Ground encumber'd with Hedges and Buſhes. They immediately gave notice of it to the Grand Army, and had Orders ſent back to attack them without loſing a Minute's Time. They accordingly charged them at the Village, whence they drove them with great Slaughter. The reſt of the Army having paſs'd the *Scheld*, form'd themſelves as they advanced, and began the Fight with a great deal of Reſolution; but the Foot only engaged, the Ground not being proper for the Horſe. The *French* behaved very gallantly, and diſputed every Inch of Ground, till being taken in the Rear they began to loſe Courage, and quitted the Field, where they left a great Number of their Dead, and taking advantage of the Night, ſhelter'd themſelves under the Cannon of *Ghent*. The Allies ſoon after moved to *Courtray*; where Colonel *Cholmondeley*'s Men were drawn up to be review'd by their Officers, while Mrs. *Davies* was going into the Town to purchaſe Proviſions for her Tent. The Colonel waited for her coming out, that he might divert himſelf

by teazing her. Mrs. *Davies* carried her Proviſions on a Mare, and the Colonel turn'd looſe a ſmall Stone-horſe that he had; who began to be very rude with the poor Beaſt, and in his rough Courtſhip broke four Bottles of Wine. Some time after this, as ſhe was upon her Mare, in a Dreſs convenient for her Vocation, Mr. *Montgomery*, Captain of the Grenadiers in Lord *Orkney*'s Regiment, began to ridicule her Habit, and make a Jeſt of her Beaſt. She offer'd to run her againſt his Horſe for a Piſtole, and both of them to ride. Brigadier *Godfrey*, who was by, laid another Piſtole on her Side. They both ſtarted at the Beat of Drum, placed to give the Signal, and kept pace together for ſome time; but Mrs. *Davies* finding he was going to leave her, made a furious Puſh at him, flung Man and Horſe into the Ditch, and ſo won the Race. The Brigadier laugh'd heartily at the Stratagem, but the Captain was half angry; which however gave Mrs. *Davies* no Uneaſineſs, for ſhe had as little Fear about her as any Man in the Army.

The Allies having receiv'd a Reinforcement of *German* Troops, poſſeſs'd themſelves of the Lines the *French* had thrown up to cover *Walloon Flanders*, and made Preparations to lay Siege to *Liſle*. As ſoon as the heavy Cannon and a Convoy with Proviſion and Ammunition were arriv'd, the Town was inveſted. It was abundantly ſupplied with every thing neceſſary to hold out a long Siege; and Marſhal *Boufflers*, who commanded in it, had with him a numerous Garriſon. The Works were carried on without Intermiſſion, while the grand Army

obſerv'

obſerv'd that of the *French*, which was daily reinforced, and at laſt conſiſted of a hundred twenty-ſix Battalions and two hundred and eight Squadrons. With theſe conſiderable Forces they march'd towards *Phalempin*, and having taken out of *Doway* thirty Pieces of heavy Cannon, they drew near the Allies the 5th of *September*, whom, though reinforced the Night before by a Detachment of ſeventy-ſeven Squadrons from the Army carrying on the Siege, every one expected they would attack: But the Duke of *Marlborough* ſoon diſcovering that they deſign'd only to retard the Siege, order'd the Tents to be pitch'd, fortified his Camp with the utmoſt Care, and ſent back to the Siege a Part of the Troops he had receiv'd from thence. In the Interim of theſe Motions, the Beſiegers having puſh'd as far as the *Glacis* of the Counterſcarp, four thouſand Grenadiers, beſide thoſe who were employ'd in the Works, were commanded to give the Aſſault, and a moſt furious one it was. The Enemy's Fire from their Outworks made a diſmal Havock, and the Action was very bloody; but, notwithſtanding the gallant Reſiſtance of the Beſieged, the Aſſailants at laſt made ſeveral Lodgments on the Cover'd Way.

Some *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Troops had entrench'd themſelves in a Market-Town call'd *Entrieres*: Theſe the Duke of *Vendoſme* cannonaded, which made every one conclude he would at length come to a Battle: But he ſecretly decamp'd, and poſted himſelf in ſuch a manner, that he cut off all the Convoys the Allies might have had from the Frontier Towns, except

except from *Oſtend*. Eight thouſand *Engliſh* were landed at this Port, with a great Quantity of Powder and Proviſion, and Stores of all Sorts, a great Part of which had already been received by the Beſiegers. As the Remainder was ſtill conſiderable, and was every Day increaſing by freſh Supplies from *England*, Major General *Webb* and Count *Naſſau Woudenbourg* were detach'd with thirty Battalions to eſcort it. Mrs. *Davies*'s Huſband was in this Detachment, whom ſhe follow'd; and the Duke of *Marlborough* advanced beyond *Menin*, to be at hand to ſuſtain them. Being join'd by a ſecond Detachment, they had Advice that Monſieur *la Motte* was marching with above twenty thouſand Men to attack them. Upon this News the Detachment form'd themſelves into two Lines, at the Iſſue of a Defile; and a Regiment was poſted on each ſide in a neighbouring Coppice, with Orders not to fire till they could take the Enemy in Flank. Soon after this Diſpoſition was made, the Enemy appear'd, and enter'd the Defile to attack the Eſcort; when being ſaluted with a general Diſcharge on either Hand, they were put into great Diſorder. They form'd again however; but *Albemarle*'s Regiment coming up to attack them in Front, while they were expoſed to a continual Fire on the Flanks, they haſten'd out of the Defile, leaving 4000 Dead behind them, and ſome Pieces of Cannon. The *French* General not being able to lead on his third Attack, was obliged to retreat and ſuffer the Convoy to paſs. The Conduct of General *Webb* greatly contributed to this Victory, which how-

ever

ever he paid dear for by the Wounds he received. After the Action, Mrs. *Davies* got a conſiderable Booty.

The ſafe Arrival of this Convoy was a Subject of great Joy to the Allies, who muſt have raiſed the Siege had it miſcarried. As they began to want Powder in the Town, the *French* endeavour'd to ſupply them, with a good Number of Bags which their Horſe carried behind them. A Detachment was made of three ſmall Bodies of Horſe, with green Boughs in their Hats, which was the Diſtinction of the Beſiegers. The firſt Party ſucceeded in this Stratagem, and had the good Fortune to get into the Town; the ſecond being diſcover'd were all blown up by the Fire taking their Powder, or made Priſoners; and the third return'd back the Way they were coming.

On the third of *October* the Beſiegers attack'd the Half-Moon, and carried the Work, but loſt a great many Men before they could lodge themſelves. The Siege was puſh'd on with ſuch Reſolution, that on the 22d the Governor capitulated, and the Town was ſurrender'd. Seventeen hundred *French* Horſe march'd out, and the reſt of the Garriſon, which was ſix thouſand Men, retir'd into the Citadel.

During this Siege, as Mrs. *Davies* was one Day a foraging, ſhe enter'd a *Chateau* deſerted by the Enemy, and found in it a Baſket of Eggs, and another of Cocks and Hens, which ſhe took and preſented to ſome of the Officers. The next Day ſhe return'd to the ſame Place, and got plenty of Corn, Hay, and Straw. On this good Fortune ſhe ventur'd to the Place a third

third time, in hopes of finding ſomething yet more valuable: But during the Search ſhe was ſurpriz'd by ſome of the *French* Army, who ſeiz'd her, together with her Mare and Forage. Whilſt the Soldiers were quarrelling about her Cloaths, (for ſhe was in a Man's Dreſs) their Officer came in, whom Mrs. *Davies* knew. Having aſk'd her *What brought her thither, and who ſhe was?* ſhe anſwer'd, *Sir, I think you ought to know me; I am a Son of Captain* Maclaughing *of* Clare's *Regiment. Well now, Honey,* ſaid he, *I vawſh not after knowing you before; but give my humble Service to my Cuſhin and Naamſhake: But harkye now, Joy, are you* Richard *or* John? *Fait,* ſaid ſhe, in the Brogue, *I am* Richard. *Well now, Cuſhin,* replied he, *what will I do for you? But indeed, Honey, nobody ſhall meddle wid your Things, Joy, but go about your Buſineſs.* Being thus ſet at Liberty, ſhe haſted to the Duke of *Argyle*'s Quarters, and found him playing at Cheſs. Upon this ſhe addreſs'd him with ſome Warmth and Freedom, aſking him, *What he meant by having no better Intelligence, and idling his Time at that rate, while the* French *were upon the point of cannonading him?* The Duke was ſoon convinced of the Truth of what ſhe ſaid, and had ſcarce Time to get into the Lines for Safety. Sir *Richard Temple*'s and *How*'s Regiments were order'd to clear the Hedges, but were cut to pieces before the Horſe and Train of Artillery came up, which ſoon drove the *French* to the main Body of their Army. The Enemy cannonaded the Duke of *Argyle*'s Quarters ſo ſoon, that there was no making a Bed for him there,

and

and he was obliged to take up with one of Straw, and Colonel *Campbell* for a Chum. The Bed was of Mrs. *Davies*'s making, and they ſlept very comfortably, whilſt ſhe took the Opportunity to ſteal the Duke's Wine for the poor Fellows upon Guard. In the Morning his Grace gave her a Piſtole for her early Intelligence, which at Night ſhe ſpent on two of his Servants.

At the Siege of the City, the ſame Corporal whoſe Eye ſhe ſtruck out in defence of her Pig, having received the Company's Money, inſtead of paying them, loſt it at Play, and then deſperately ſhot himſelf through the Head.

The *French* were Maſters of the *Scheld* and the Canal of *Bruges*, and were ſtrongly entrench'd on that River to prevent the Paſſage of the Allies, and to favour the Siege of *Bruſſels*, which the Duke of *Bavaria* undertook with a Body of about ſixteen or ſeventeen thouſand Men. The Garriſon conſiſted of five thouſand Men, under the Command of M. *de Paſcal*, who being ſummon'd, refuſed to ſurrender, made the neceſſary Diſpoſitions for a vigorous Defence, and by a Letter acquainted the Duke of *Marlborough* with the Danger he was in. His Grace and Prince *Eugene*, at the Head of a large Body of Troops, march'd to the *Scheld* to force a Paſſage ſpight of the Enemy's Entrenchments. This March was ſo ſecret, that the *French* had not notice of the Allies directing towards the *Scheld*, though they had receiv'd Advice of their croſſing the *Lys*. The Count *de Lottum*, about Four in the Morning, arrived with the Vanguard near to *Harlebeek*

beek River, and inſtantly laid two Bridges, le over his Troops, and drew up in Order o Battle. The Duke of *Marlborough*, who had found Means to paſs the River at *Kirkhoven*, attack'd and put to flight at *Berchem* a Body o Troops commanded by M. *Souternon*. The o ther *French* Troops, poſted near *Oudenarde*, under the Command of M. *Hautefort*, ſoon follow'd the Example of their Companions. Thus were theſe Entrenchments render'd uſeleſs, and the Allies had a free Paſſage to march to the Relief of *Bruſſels*; to which we now return.

The Trenches were open'd before that Place on the 13th of *November*; and on the 15th the Duke of *Bavaria* began to batter it with grea Fury. At Ten o'Clock at Night five or ſi thouſand Men attack'd the cover'd Way. Th Troops who defended it, reſolutely ſtood th Aſſault, which was repeated no leſs than nin times; and the Fight having laſted till Six i the Morning, they left the cover'd Way, an falling in with the Beſiegers, retook all th Poſts they had loſt, and made a prodigiou Slaughter of the Enemy. It was reported as Certainty, that the Beſiegers loſt in this Actio two thouſand five hundred Men, and the B ſieged eight hundred. The next Day the E lector did nothing farther than batter the Town but all the Spies agreed in their Account of h being reſolved to give a general Aſſault th Night following, and to cannonade the Plac with red-hot Balls. Neceſſary Diſpoſitions we immediately made to repel the Enemy, and t prevent the threaten'd Conflagration. Abou Eleven at Night, when every one expected th

Sign

ignal for the Aſſault, News was brought that he whole Camp of the Enemy was in Motion; nd ſoon after this, having had Advice of the aſſing the *Scheld* by the Allies, they decamp'd ith the greateſt Precipitation, and retreated to *Namur*.

After this the Allies divided their Forces in- ſeveral Corps, that they might more eaſily ubſiſt, ſecure a Paſſage over the River, and ut off all the Succours that the Enemy might ndeavour to throw into the Citadel of *Liſle*, gainſt which the Trenches were open'd on the 8th of *October*; and as the Beſiegers wanted owder, the Works were carried on by ſap- ing. After they had taken ſeveral Poſts, and arried the ſecond Counterſcarp, Prince *Eugene* riv'd. He commanded the Sap to be conti- ued, without firing a ſingle Gun to make a reach; and on the 8th of *December* the Go- ernor beat the Chamade.

The Capitulation being ſign'd the next Day, rince *Eugene* and the Prince of *Orange* made Viſit to Marſhal *Boufflers* in the Citadel, here they were receiv'd with a Salute from e *French* Cannon, and the Marſhal kept them ompany when they return'd. Next Day the arriſon march'd out, following their Baggage, nd the Marſhal was in the Rear. All the Of- cers ſaluted him with their Half-Pikes, which alutes he return'd with his Hat.

The Duke of *Marlborough*, after the Siege f *Bruſſels* was raiſed, encamp'd at *Aloſt*. Du- ng this Encampment, Mrs. *Davies* obſerv'd n Officer, whom by his laced Cloaths ſhe con- ctur'd to be one of the Guards, ſtrolling back-

wards

wards and forwards in the Intervals of th
Camp. She fancied he had a mind to ſtea
ſome of their Horſes, for which Reaſon ſh
watch'd him narrowly, and at length ſaw hi
lead off a Mare belonging to a poor Woma
into a Ditch, and with her commit a moſt de
teſtable Sin. Col. *Irwin* and another Office
happening at that Inſtant to paſs by, caugh
him in the Fact, ſeized and gave him into th
Cuſtody of the Provoſt, where he remain'd t
the Duke, who had left the Army, return'd
when he was tried, condemn'd to the Gallows
and executed accordingly. As ſome of ou
Readers may not know the Provoſt's Office,
will not be amiſs to tell them that he attend
the Camp, and all Offenders are put under hi
Care, for which Reaſon he commands a ſtron
Guard, which goes every where with him. O
a March, the leſſer Criminals are hand-cuff'
in the middle of a Guard; but notorious one
are chan'd Hand and Foot, and put into th
Bread-Waggons. The Mare which this Off
cer was enamour'd with was ſhot; but the Duk
firſt paid the full Value to the poor Woma
who own'd her.

Notwithſtanding the confederate Army wa
extremely fatigued by making a great Numbe
of Motions, and the Winter was already be
gun, the Duke could not think of leaving *Ghe*
and *Bruges* in the Poſſeſſion of the *French*. I
order to lay Siege to the former, the grand A
my, under the Command of the Duke of *Mar*
borough, decamp'd from *Bellem* on the laſt
Novenber, and march'd to *Marlebeck* and *Mal*
ſituated on the lower *Scheld*. On the other han

Prin

Prince *Eugene*, having five Days after paſſed that River, encamp'd at *Ename*, and *Ghent* was the next Day inveſted by the Counts *de Lottum* and *de Tilly*. The Duke of *Marlborough* took up his Quarters at *Marlebeck*, that he might be nearer to three Attacks, one of which was on the Side of the Citadel, another between the *Imperial* Gate and that of *Bruſſels*, and the third between the Gates of St. *Peter* and *Courtray*. While every thing was preparing for opening the Trenches, a Detachment was ſent to attack the *Red-houſe* on the Canal of *Sas van Ghent*, where the *French* had left a Garriſon of two hundred Men. Theſe Forces immediately raiſed their Batteries, and made ſo furious a Fire, that the Garriſon were compell'd to yield themſelves Priſoners of War. In the mean while the Allies puſh'd on their Works before *Ghent*, and had a Number of Batteries of Bombs and great Guns ready, ſufficient to reduce the Town to a Heap of Rubbiſh; but the Garriſon thought proper to capitulate, and were allow'd to go out with all military Honours.

As the Garriſon had flatter'd themſelves with being ſuccour'd, it was ſtipulated in the Capitulation, that it ſhould be void, if in a limited Time the *French* ſhould bring an Army to raiſe the Siege. Indeed, Marſhal *Boufflers* ſet out from *Paris* for this purpoſe; but having Advice by the Way that the Town had capitulated, he turn'd back again.

In this Siege Mrs. *Davies*'s Huſband was one of the forlorn Hope, a Body of Men under the Command of a Lieutenant, order'd to lay the Ropes, and direct the cutting of the Trenches.

Mrs. *Davies*, as uſual, accompanied him in this dangerous Service; but being ſtopp'd by Colonel *Hamilton*, who would have perſuaded her not to run ſuch Hazards, ſhe loſt ſight of her Huſband; for having laid the Ropes, he and his Companions were retir'd into a Turnip-Field, and lay flat on their Bellies till the Workmen had thrown up a Trench to cover them. After ſeeking him ſome time, Major *Irwin* told her where he was; and both the Major and Lieutenant *Stretton* begg'd hard of her for ſome Beer, which ſhe refuſed them; for having but three Flaſks, and fearing her Huſband might want, ſhe had no Pity for any one elſe. As the Night was very cold, and the Ground wet, ſhe had alſo provided herſelf with a Bottle of Brandy and another of Gin, for her dear *Richard*'s Refreſhment. Leaving theſe Officers, ſhe met a Lieutenant known by the Nick-name of *A---e and Pockets*. A Muſquet-ſhot had graz'd on and ſcratch'd his Forehead, which his Fright magnified to a Cannon-Ball. In his Panick he loſt his Hat and Wig; but they being found and reſtor'd to him, and he at length aſſur'd his Wound was no way dangerous, recover'd his ſmall Share of Spirits, but never his Reputation; for he was ſoon after broke for a Coward. Mrs. *Davies* now proceeded to the Turnip-Field, where ſhe found her Huſband in the Front Rank, to whom her Liquors were very comfortable. The next Morning, as ſhe was ſtanding by Colonel *Goſſedge*, he receiv'd a Shot through the Body; upon which ſhe gave him ſome Beer and a Dram, and carried him, though it was very dangerous, to Col. *Folke*'s

Quarters

Quarters; for which Piece of Service the Gentleman was extremely thankful, and promiſed, if he recover'd, to reward her handſomely; but he died in three Days. The next Day a Drum of their Regiment went into a very dangerous Place to eaſe Nature, notwithſtanding he was caution'd againſt it; and as he was buttoning up his Breeches, both his Arms were taken off by a Cannon-Ball. The Place where he raſhly expoſed himſelf was ſo very dangerous, that not a Man would venture to go to his Aſſiſtance. Mrs. *Davies* therefore ran and carried him off to a Surgeon, under whoſe Care he was in a fair way of doing well, but a Cold he got kill'd him.

A Mile from the Town, and out of reach of any Shot from thence, as ſhe apprehended, Mrs. *Davies* pitch'd her Tent, and took poſſeſſion of a neighbouring Garden; from whence ſhe had ſo ſtor'd her Tent with Potatoes, Turnips, *&c.* that ſhe had left but juſt Room ſufficient to ſit down cloſe by the Door. One Day a Drake-ſhot went through the Tent into the Garden, where it kill'd an Officer's Horſe that was grazing there. Mrs. *Davies* happen'd to be out a foraging, or ſhe muſt inevitably have loſt her Life, as ſhe always ſat directly fronting the Door of the Tent. This obliged her to remove her Tent farther off, that ſhe might be out of Danger.

When the two Gates were given up, before the ſigning of the Capitulation, Mrs. *Davies* got Leave to go into the Town, where ſhe ſold her Garden-Stuff, of which there was then a Scarcity, for fifty Shillings. The Garriſon,

to the number of fourteen thouſand, march'd out with military Honours the 22d of *December*. The next Day the Duke of *Marlborough* enter'd the Town, and was complimented at the Gate by the Magiſtracy, who preſented him the Keys in a Gold Baſon. The Burghers, who had received the *French* with open Arms, changed Sides with their Fortune, and made publick Rejoicings for their Departure. Theſe Rejoicings were redoubled, on Advice that the *French* had abandon'd *Bruges*, and all the neighbouring Poſts. When the Garriſon of this Town heard that *Ghent* had capitulated, and were ſummon'd by a Trumpet in the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Name, they left the Place in the Night, and withdrew to the Side of *Dixmude* and *Newport*. At the ſame time the *French* abandon'd Fort *Plaſſendal*, the Village of *Leſſinghen* where they were entrenched, and all the Poſts they had in thoſe Quarters. No ſooner had the Enemy quitted *Bruges*, but the Magiſtrates ſent Deputies to the Duke of *Marlborough* to make their Submiſſion to King *Charles*, and receiv'd a Garriſon of two thouſand Men. Thus ended this glorious Campaign, and the Army was order'd into Winter-Quarters. Our Heroine's Regiment lay at *Ghent*, where ſhe maintain'd herſelf handſomely by cooking for and ſelling Beer to the Soldiers.

Her Huſband having, by her Intereſt, obtain'd Leave to go out of Town, they went together to take a View of the Country, and met a poor Woman who wept bitterly. Mrs. *Davies* enquiring the Reaſon of her Tears, ſhe told her that ſhe had three ſmall Children at home,

home, and no way of providing for them, but by running Geneva into the Town; that the Exciſe-Officers had lately ſeiz'd a Parcel which had almoſt ruin'd her; and that now ſhe was afraid of another Diſcovery, which would entirely undo her. In the *Low Countries* no Duty is paid for what is not brought into a fortified Town, but whatever comes within the Gates muſt pay a Duty to the Officers ſtation'd there to receive it. They endeavour'd to comfort the poor Woman, and offer'd her their Aſſiſtance in running the Geneva; which ſhe thankfully accepted. She had eleven Bladders, ten of which they fill'd with Geneva, and the eleventh with Naſtineſs, which is kept in Pits there as the beſt Manure for Flax. Mrs. *Davies* having given three of the Bladders to her Huſband, and two to the Woman, took the other five, and that fill'd with Excrement, into her own Cuſtody; which laſt ſhe carried in her Left Hand, viſibly enough, though ſeemingly endeavouring to conceal it; having order'd them to make a Puſh for the Town, while ſhe was diſputing it with the Officers. She manag'd the Affair ſo well, that having by a feign'd Retreat enticed the Officers from the Gate till her Comrades were got pretty near to it, ſhe then ſuffer'd them to come up to her, when they laid hold of the Bladder, and demanded the Geneva. Mrs. *Davies* pleaded her Poverty, large Family, and ſick Children; but finding they were inexorable and reſolved to plunder her, ſhe took her Sciſſars and cut the Bladder, ſaying, *Since you muſt have it, e'en take it*, and flung the Contents in the Face of

him who ſeiz'd it. On this another Officer was coming up to revenge the Affront; but upon Sight of a ſecond Bladder, with the Sciſſars, he thought fit to retreat, leaving Mrs. *Davies* a free Paſſage into the Town. This gave the greateſt Satisfaction to the poor Woman, and the Relation of the odd Adventure occaſion'd a great deal of Laughter. Animated by this Succeſs, they made frequent Attempts of the like Nature, and paſs'd with their Cargoes unmoleſted; till a new Officer, unacquainted with their Treatment of the former, endeavour'd to make a Seizure; but he ſoon repented his Temerity, having met with the ſame naſty Reception.

Another Stratagem they made uſe of to deceive the Officers of the Cuſtoms was this: Mrs. *Davies* had a large Spaniel, which ſhe had brought up from a Puppy; he was of the Water Breed, and had ſuch a rough Coat, that every Half-Year it fetch'd her three Shillings from a Hatter. This Dog, which had been taught to fetch and carry, they uſed to go out with, furniſh'd with oily Cakes, to the Town-Ditch, and there lie conceal'd in the Weeds, Mrs. *Davies* and the Dog on one Side, and her Huſband on the other, till the Smugglers came with Horſe-loads of Brandy, *&c.* in ſmall Caggs: Two or three of theſe they tied together with a Rope, and giving the Dog the End in his Mouth, he would, on his Maſter's Call, ſwim over to him, and being rewarded with a Cake, would return at his Miſtreſs's Call, with the empty Rope. This Method was repeated till all was got over; when retiring till Morn-

ing

ing, they enter'd the Gate publickly. The Smugglers paid them three Crowns a Night for their Dog and Attendance.

At this Place Mrs. *Davies* was with Child, and long'd for Eels, which one *Hugh Jones* ventur'd his Life to procure for her, by going out of the Town without Leave, and robbing the Wicker-Baſkets in the Moat. This Man was afterwards her ſecond Huſband, and indeed, during the Life of her firſt, took all Opportunities to gain her Affections, and convince her of his own; and it was to his Aſſiduity and Tenderneſs, that, next to God, ſhe owed the Preſervation of her Life, when ſhe was ill and not able to help herſelf; during which Time he alſo took care of her Mare.

Mrs. *Davies* was a prodigious Lover of Eels even when not with Child, and took all Opportunities to procure them wherever ſhe went; but her Love of this Diet was ſome Years after turn'd to an Averſion by the following Accident. One Day waiting for ſome Friends at *Weſtminſter-Ferry* to croſs over to *Lambeth*, a Fiſherman had dragg'd aſhore in his Net the dead Body of a Black-moor who had been accidentally drown'd. She had the Curioſity to obſerve what was doing, though ſhe was oblig'd to ſtop her Noſe from the Putrefaction of the Corpſe; and ſaw a large Quantity of Eels iſſuing out of the rotten Carcaſs, and the Fiſherman very diligent in putting them into his Well-Boat in order for Sale. This had ſuch an Effect upon her, that ſhe could never after endure the Sight, much leſs the Taſte, of theſe foul Feeders. Some time after, as ſhe was re-

lating this Story to a Gentleman of her Acquaintance, he confirm'd her Averſion, by telling her, that through the Perſuaſion of a Friend he had nail'd a large Eel to the Floor by the Tail; and after twiſting and winding ſome time, a Froth has work'd out of its Mouth, in which having dipp'd a Piece of Bread, he gave it to a mangey Dog paſt Cure. The Animal in a few Minutes apparently loſt its Strength, fell down, ſwelling to a monſtrous Degree, and in leſs than an Hour expir'd in the utmoſt Agonies. We leave our Readers to give what Credit they think fit to this Experiment, and return to the Hiſtory of our Heroine.

There happen'd to be at this time in Garriſon at *Ghent* a pretty young Fellow, a Voluntier, the younger Son of a Gentleman of good Fortune, who gave him ſo handſome an Allowance, that he maintain'd a Servant and two Horſes, dreſs'd as well as any Officer, and kept the beſt Company. He never ſhunn'd but rather courted Danger, in the midſt of which he always ſhew'd a great Compoſure of Mind. This Gentleman reſented the Freedom Mrs. *Davies* took with ſome Officers where he was in Company, and ſaid ſhe was *impertinent*. Nettled at this Affront, ſhe call'd him a *Petit Maitre*, telling him, if it was not for the Diſgrace of ſetting her Wit againſt Boys, ſhe would teach him better Manners, by giving him the Correction his ill Breeding deſerv'd. He anſwer'd with a *Piſh* only, and turning his Back ſaid to a Captain, *You ſee the Fruits of making mean People familiar; You indeed ought to bear it, becauſe you have encouraged her taking ſuch*

Liberties,

Liberties, but 'tis hard upon me who have always avoided her. You will do well, replied Mrs. *Davies, to be careful in avoiding me for the future,* and went home in a Paſſion, dreſs'd herſelf in a very handſome Sute of Cloaths of her Huſband's, put on a Silver-hilted Sword, and went to a young Woman's Houſe whom the Cadet viſited. Having found her at home, and being introduced into a private Room, the Lady aſk'd her Buſineſs. *Madam,* ſaid Mrs. *Davies, to be ſhort with you, I have often ſeen, and as often admired you: I am now come to tell you the Paſſion you have inſpired, which I can no longer conceal. I know you have ſome Engagements with a young* Engliſh *Cadet, which have hurt your Reputation; but to give you the moſt convincing Proof of my Fondneſs, if you will promiſe to caſt him off, and never ſee him more, I will not only marry you, but maintain you as the Wife of an* Engliſh *Gentleman of Fortune, as you will find me to be; and promiſe on my Honour never to reproach you with your former Life. Sir,* ſaid the young Lady, *you are very free with my Character. Madam,* replied our Suitor, *not more ſo than the World; for I learnt it from common Fame. Which,* anſwer'd the Damſel, *you will allow to be a common Lyar: However, Sir, you talk ſo much like a Man of Honour, that I can forgive the Liberty you have taken, and deſire a little Time to conſider on what you have propoſed. I will give you to conſider,* continued Mrs. *Davies, till to-morrow Morning Ten o'Clock, which is not leſs, by my Computation, than a Month's Delay;* and riſing up ſaluted her and withdrew. Mrs. *Davies* was punctual to the Hour appointed, found

found the young Lady diſpoſed to her Wiſhes, ſtaid with her three Hours, promiſed her Mountains, a Life of uninterrupted Pleaſure, and an unalterable Conſtancy of Affection. During this Viſit, Mrs. *Davies* had the Satisfaction to hear the young Lady's Servant tell the Cadet, who came to ſee his Miſtreſs, that ſhe was not at home, and deſir'd he would ſave himſelf the fruitleſs Trouble of viſiting her for the future. *Well*, ſaid he, *I ſuppoſe ſhe has ſome new Favourite, I ſhall find him out*; and ſo flung away in a Rage, which gave his Rival the moſt ſenſible Pleaſure. Soon after this Mrs. *Davies* took her Leave, and was going home to change her Dreſs, when the Cadet, who watch'd his Miſtreſs's Door, haſted after her, aſking what Buſineſs ſhe had in that Houſe ſhe came out of. *Sir*, ſaid Mrs. *Davies*, *by what Authority do you aſk me? Here*, ſaid he, *is my Commiſſion to examine you*, laying his Hand on his Sword; and ſhe doing the like, replied, *Here is my Reaſon for not anſwering you.* They both drew, the Moment Mrs. *Davies*'s Huſband happen'd to paſs by, who knowing her, alſo drew and got between them, ſaying, *My dear* Kitty, *what's the Meaning of this?* Theſe Words undeceiv'd the Cadet, who immediately put up his Sword and taking his ſuppoſed Rival by the Hand begg'd Pardon for the Affront he had given her, and deſir'd ſhe would endeavour to reconcile his Miſtreſs to him again; which accordingly was effected, the Cadet treated them with a handſome Dinner and a hearty Bottle, and they all lived in good Harmony together during the Gentleman's Stay in the *Low Countries*

which

which was but ten Days longer; for his elder Brother dying by a Hurt he receiv'd from a Fall in Hunting, his Father ſent for him over, and he carried his Lady with him to *England.*

One Day being in Brigadier *Lallo*'s Quarters, the Lord *Al——le*, Father to the preſent Noble Lord, would needs have a Trial of Strength with Mrs. *Davies*, which ſhe would have avoided, by telling his Lordſhip ſhe would ſend him the prettieſt Girl in the Camp to give him a Fall: But he regarded her not, ſo to ſtruggling they went. After much buſtling on both Sides, for his Lordſhip was ſtrong and active, ſhe took an Opportunity of throwing him acroſs the Brigadier's Bed, diſengaged herſelf, and ran away out of the Quarters.

A very great Froſt immediately follow'd the taking of *Ghent*, inſomuch that two Centinels were found frozen to Death. The Froſt continued, and was ſo terribly ſevere, that a number of People, Fruit-Trees, and ſown Seed periſh'd by the Cold. This hard Winter occaſion'd a very great Scarcity, and exceſſively raiſed the Price of all manner of Proviſions, eſpecially in *France*, where almoſt all the Vines were Froſt-nipp'd to the very Roots; ſo that of many Years before, that Kingdom had not been in ſo deplorable a Situation. The Treaſury was exhauſted by the Expence of the War: Trade was interrupted by the Number of Ships the two Maritime Powers kept conſtantly cruizing in all Parts of the Seas to prevent the Importation of Goods: The Farmer was not only incapable of paying his Rent, but even of ſupplying the Towns with neceſſary Proviſions:

In

In a word, they were in the utmoſt Deſolation
To the Cries of the miſerable harraſs'd Peopl
were join'd publick Acts of Devotion to ap
peaſe the Anger of Heaven, to deprecate thei
then preſent Miſeries, and to obtain a ſpeed
Peace. The King gave his People to under
ſtand that he was ſenſibly touch'd with thei
Sufferings, and declared that he was inclin'd t
give them Peace, whatever it coſt him. I
effect he ſent Meſſieurs *Voiſin* and *Rouille* t
Holland, in appearance upon the Affair of th
Fiſhery, but in reality to ſet on foot a Nego
tiation with the Allies. The Secret was kep
ſo cloſely all the time the Conferences were hel
at the *Hague*, that no one had any certai
Knowledge of what was upon the Carpet; bu
People's Hopes were very much raiſed, whe
they ſaw the Duke of *Marlborough*, who ha
been at all the Conferences, ſet out for *England*
and ſoon return again accompanied by Lor
Townſhend, whom the Queen had honour'
with the Character of Envoy Extraordinary t
treat on a Peace. The *French* King ſent Meſ
ſieurs *Torcy* and *Pajot* to haſten its Concluſion
Notwithſtanding the Proteſt made by King
Philip, that he would never renounce the Crow
of *Spain*, but was reſolved, on the contrary
to maintain his Right to it by the Sword to th
laſt Drop of his Blood, the Conferences wer
carried on more briſkly than ever, and ſome
times protracted to Midnight. On the 28t
of *May*, N. S. Articles were prepar'd and ſign'
by the Plenipotentiaries of the Allies. Beſid
a great Number of Towns which *France* gav
up by theſe Articles, *Charles* was declared i
then

em lawful King of all the *Spaniſh* Monarchy; nd it was agreed, that if *Philip* and his Fa- ily ſhould not quit that Kingdom by the firſt f *September*, the King of *France* ſhould join is Arms to thoſe of the Allies to compel him y Force. This laſt Condition, of aſſiſting in ethroning his Grandſon, was what *Lewis* XIV. ould never conſent to, and for that reaſon re- ected the Articles: So that all Hopes of a Pa- ification vaniſh'd, the *French* Miniſters ſet out r *Paris*, and the Duke of *Marlborough* the me Day for the Army.

The Negotiations for Peace had not ſuſpend- the neceſſary Preparations for continuing the War. The Duke finding the *French* very rongly entrench'd near *Arras*, in a Camp co- r'd with Woods and Marſhes, which render'd impracticable to approach them, he turn'd ck upon *Tournay*, and inveſted the Place on e 27th of *June*. While Preparations were aking to open the Trenches, the Prince of *range*, at the Head of thirty Squadrons and elve Battalions, made himſelf Maſter of . *Amand*, and at the ſame time another De- chment took Fort *de la Scarpe* Sword in hand. the Interim, the Line of Circumvallation as finiſh'd, all Sorts of Materials neceſſary for e Works were got together, and the Trenches ere open'd in three different Places by as ma- Bodies of Troops, commanded by Count ottum, General *Schulembourg*, and General *Fa-* . Notwithſtanding the Diligence of the ſiegers, the Siege was likely to prove a very dious one, becauſe the Boats in which the rtillery was embark'd could not get up the

Scheld

Scheld higher than *Oudenarde*, on account o the Shallowneſs of the Water, and the Bank raiſed by the *French* the preceding Year to tur its Courſe, ſeveral of which were yet ſtanding However, this Obſtacle was obviated by cu ting a new Canal, and the Artillery at lengt arriv'd. Aſſiſted by the Fire of the Batteries General *Fagel* puſh'd on his Works to the ver Brink of the Ditch, which on the 17th he be gan to fill up. Count *Lottum* was on the ſam Day pretty near as far advanced with his; an the Night before, Baron *de Schulembourg* havin carried the Horn-works Sword in Hand, mad a Lodgment there, and moreover poſſeſs'd him ſelf of a neighbouring Ravelin. Upon this M. *de Surville*, the Governor, hung out th white Flag and capitulated.

At the Expiration of the Truce agreed on to give the Garriſon Time to retire into th Citadel, Count *Lottum* and the Baron *de Schu lembourg* attack'd it in two different Place ſtrengthen'd by a Reinforcement ſent them fro the grand Army. Four Days after the openin the Trenches, M. *de Ravignan*, ſent by th *French* King, arriv'd in the Camp of the Be ſiegers; and having obtain'd Leave to ſpea to one of the Officers of the Citadel, the Go vernor ſent the next Day a Project of Agree ment to the Allies, by which he engaged t ſurrender on the 5th of *September*, if he wa not ſuccour'd before: All Hoſtilities were t ceaſe during that Interval, and M. *de Ravigna* return'd to Court for the King's Approbatio of the Agreement; but nothing being conclude on, the Fire began again, and a terrible one wa

was. As the Citadel was every where mined round, notwithſtanding all the Induſtry of the Allies to diſcover them, they play'd off no leſs than thirty-eight at Count *Lottum*'s Attack only, in twenty-ſix Days time; ſo that hundreds of Men were often ſent into the Air at once, and either buried alive in the Fall, or, if dug out, were miſerably burnt and bruiſed. Very often the Miners on either ſide met, and fought with as much Fury under Ground, as they did in the Trenches. However, the Place was ſo violently attack'd, that the Governor hung out the white Enſign on the 31ſt of *Auguſt:* But as the Beſiegers inſiſted on his ſurrendring Priſoner of War, he broke off the Parley, and threaten'd to blow all up before he would ſurrender on ſuch Terms. On this the Siege was carried on again, and the Governor given to underſtand, that if he perſiſted in his Deſign, he muſt expect no Quarter. On this Threat he chang'd his deſperate Reſolution, and accepted the Conditions offer'd him, but with a Promiſe that the Garriſon ſhould be exchanged as ſoon as poſſible, for a like Number of Priſoners taken by the *French*.

During the Attack of this Place, Lord *Cobham* came one Day into the Trench, and order'd the Engineer to point a Gun at a Wind-mill between them and the Citadel, and promiſed a Guinea to whoever fired and brought it down. Mrs. *Davies* immediately ſnatched the Match out of the Man's Hand who was going to fire, clapp'd it to the Touch-hole, and down came the Wind-mill. She was almoſt ſtunn'd, and beat backwards by the recoiling of the

the Cannon, which afforded good Diverſion t
the Officers: But as ſhe was not hurt, ſhe ha
the moſt Reaſon to be merry; for Lord *Cob*
ham, always better than his Word, gave her tw
Guineas inſtead of one, General *Fagel* another
and four Officers a Ducat a-piece.

Soon after Captain *Brown*, mounting th
Trench, had his Leg ſo miſerably ſhatter'd b
a Muſquet-ſhot, that the Surgeon was oblige
to cut it off. His Servants and Nurſes no
having the Courage to hold the Candle, o
Heroine perform'd that Office, and was very in
tent on the Operation.

During this Siege, or indeed any othe
Mrs. *Davies* never loſt an Opportunity of ma
roding; being furniſh'd for that End with
Grappling-Iron and a Sword. The Grapple
of uſe to ſearch Wells, into which the Peaſan
frequently throw their Plate, Copper, *&c.* o
the Approach of an Army. The Sword is de
ſign'd to bore the Ground, where there is Re
ſon to ſuſpect the Inhabitants have buried an
of their Effects. By this means Mrs. *Davi*
often got good Booty; having learnt the la
Method from ſome *Dutch* Soldiers who ſerv
under King *William* in *Ireland*. While ſhe w
one Day buſied in ſearch of Plunder, ſhe hea
behind her a great Burſt like a ſudden Clap
Thunder, and turning nimbly round, ſaw th
Air full of ſhatter'd Limbs of Men. Th
happen'd, as ſhe was inform'd at her Retur
by a Spark from a Pipe of Tobacco ſetting fi
to a Bomb, by which fifty Shells and twent
four Men were blown up; but luckily the M
gazine of Powder, though near the ſame Plac
eſcape

eſcaped. We have often ſaid, that Mrs. *Davies* follow'd her Huſband wherever he was order'd upon Duty; ſo that ſometimes ſhe went with him in the Party employ'd to ſearch for and draw the Enemy's Mines. Their Engagements under Ground were very terrible, their Weapons being Spades and Pick-axes, and the Men ſometimes half ſuffocated with the Smoke of Straw which the *French* fir'd to drive them out. In ſhort, as we have obſerved before, abundance of Mines were ſprung by the Beſieged, moſt of which blew up four hundred Men at once.

After having haſtily fill'd up the Works before *Tournay*, the Prince of *Heſſe-Caſſel* began his March at the Head of ſixteen thouſand Men, to inveſt *Mons*, the Capital of *Hainault*, and to take Poſſeſſion of ſome Poſts in its Neighbourhood. On the 4th of *September* he was follow'd by the reſt of the Army; but their March being retarded by the Rains and Narrowneſs of the Roads, the *French* had Time enough to poſt their Horſe in a Plain between two Woods, in which they had placed their Infantry. The Allies, at their Arrival, found the Enemy thus poſted, and reſolved to attack them in their Camp: But as they would undertake nothing without the Aſſent of the Deputies of the *States*, who were not yet come up, the *French* took the Advantage of that Time to make their Camp inacceſſible, by covering it with a triple Entrenchment. Notwithſtanding this new Obſtacle, the Allies prepar'd for a Battle, and with all imaginable Re-

ſolution, at Eight o'Clock in the Morning, march'd up to the Entrenchments. The Left Wing, commanded by the Duke, charged with ſuch Bravery, that they drove the *French* out of the two firſt Entrenchments, cutting all to pieces that oppoſed them; but could not force the third, which was defended by a great many Pieces of Cannon, and fell'd Trees laid athwart. However, they maintain'd their Ground a conſiderable Time, though expos'd to the Fire of the Enemy's Artillery, which did terrible Execution; but at laſt were forced to abandon the two Entrenchments they had carried. In the mean while the Foot of the Right, commanded by Prince *Eugene*, having made through the Wood into the Plains, after a moſt obſtinate Reſiſtance of the *French*, gave the Horſe an Opportunity alſo to force the Entrenchment joining to the Wood. The Horſe on both Sides were engag'd with the greateſt Fury, but the Allies at laſt put to flight the main Battle, and by that gave an Opportunity to their Left Wing, which had returned to the Attack, to recover the two Entrenchments, which they could not keep before, and alſo to carry the third. This was follow'd by an entire Defeat of the *French* Army, which fled in the utmoſt Confuſion. The Allies loſt fourteen thouſand Men, killed, wounded, or Priſoners; the *French* nineteen thouſand.

The Night before this Battle, Lieutenant-General *Dedem* went off with a Detachment to throw himſelf into *St. Guilain*, which the Duke of *Marlborough* was aſſured the *French* Garriſon had abandon'd: But the General in his March

March receiving certain Advice to the contrary, drew five hundred Men from *Genappe*, and ſuſtain'd them with two Squadrons. Colonel *Haxhuiſen*, who commanded this Detachment, ſent a Drum to ſummon the Garriſon, having, as he drew near the Town, extended his Front, that he might make a greater Shew of Number. On a Refuſal to ſurrender, he gave the Aſſault that very Day; and after a Quarter of an Hour's Diſpute, he carried a Barricade, on which the *Chamade* was beat; but as they had not done it ſoon enough, they were obliged to ſurrender Priſoners of War.

In this Battle of the *Wood*, known by the Names of *Blaregnies*, or *Malplaquet*, the Duke of *Argyle* (now *Argyle* and *Greenwich*) had a great Share of Glory. The Duke of *Marlborough* ſent Orders to the Duke of *Argyle*, to take Poſſeſſion of the Wood near *Malplaquet*, together with a *Dutch* Battalion. The Undertaking was ſo very hazardous, that it appeared nothing better than the Forlorn Hope of an Army; and the *Dutch* Commander told the Duke, they were only ſent to be a certain Sacrifice; intimating, that they ought to retreat to ſave themſelves and Soldiers from imminent Death: But the Duke told him their Orders muſt be obey'd. In the firſt Onſet the *Dutch* Officer was kill'd, which the Duke obſerving, turn'd to the Soldiers, and opening his Breaſt, ſhew'd them that he had nothing to oppoſe the Point of a Sword, or ward off a Bullet, more than the meaneſt of the whole Army; therefore he begg'd they would follow him: On which they penetrated the thickeſt Squadrons,

clear'd the Wood, entered the Enemy's firſt Trench Sword in Hand, and came off victorious, to the Joy of the whole Army.

The Allies now inveſted *Mons*, into which the *French* had found Means to introduce a Convoy of Ammunition, Proviſions, Money, and a thouſand Men. The Workmen who open'd the Trenches were terribly hindered by the Rains, which obliged them to lay Faſcines at the Bottom, and to drain them by cutting a long Gut into a neighbouring River: But, notwithſtanding all Obſtacles, they puſh'd on the Approaches ſo briſkly, that having finiſh'd their Batteries, they were ready to give the Aſſault to the Horn-work, when the Garriſon prevented them by beating the *Chamade*. Articles of Capitulation being accordingly ſign'd, the Garriſon march'd out two Days afterwards; the *French* were conducted to *Maubeuge*, and the *Spaniards* and *Bavarians* to *Namur*. The Reduction of this Town terminated the Campaign in *Flanders*.

Before the inveſting of *Mons*, as the Army march'd towards the *French* Lines, Mrs. *Davies* choſe to go with the Camp-Colour-Men, who, attended by the Forlorn Hope, march at ſuch a diſtance before the Army, that they are often cut off before any Aſſiſtance can come up to them; which though it makes it the moſt dangerous Poſt, it is the moſt profitable, if there is any Plunder to be got, as there are but few to ſhare it. In this March Mrs. *Davies* ſpied a great Houſe at a diſtance, which ſhe ran to, leaving her Mare with a ſick Serjeant, who was glad of the Opportunity to ride. In this

this Houſe ſhe found ſix Couple of Fowls with their Legs tied, a Baſket of Pigeons, and four Sheep; one of which ſhe kill'd, and turn'd the other three into the Yard. By this time the Party came up, and ſhe put the Carcaſe of the Sheep on her Mare before the Serjeant, hung the Fowls about her Neck, drove the three Sheep before her, and ſo march'd to the Place deſign'd for the Camp. Whilſt they were fixing Boughs, and marking out Ground for every Regiment, ſhe pitch'd her Tent near a deſerted Publick Houſe, allotted for Colonel *Hamilton*'s Quarters, turn'd her Sheep to Graſs, and hung up her Mutton on a Tree to cool. She then went into the Colonel's Quarters, over which, as ſoon as they were appointed, a Guard was ſet; but being blinded by a Bribe, he permitted Mrs. *Davies* and ſome of her Huſband's Comrades to carry off from thence a large Quantity of Faggots, Hay and Straw, and a whole Barrel of Beer. Having brought theſe Prizes to her Tent, ſhe cut up her Mutton, made a Fire, and was boiling Part of it when the Army came up. Colonel *Hamilton* and Major *Erwood* came to the Fire, and were not a little ſurprized to ſee ſo many Things in Readineſs, and ſuch a Quantity of Proviſions of all Sorts. Mrs. *Davies* aſking them to give her handſel, they call'd for a Gallon of Beer, drank a little, gave the reſt to ſome of the Men, and order'd a Shoulder of Mutton to be roaſted, which was done accordingly. She made twenty Shillings apiece of her Sheep, beſides the Fat, which ſhe ſold to a Woman who made Candles: She alſo made a good Penny of her Fowls and Pigeons.

A Body of Troopers, and ſome *Huſſars*, being ordered out to reconnoitre in the Woods at *Taiſnieres*, before the Enemy entrench'd themſelves, and to cover the Foragers, with ſtrict Charge to return at the firing of a Cannon, Mrs. *Davies* made one of the Number, taking her Mare along with her, and leaving another Horſe, which ſhe had bought of a *Huſſar*, in an Orchard; where ſhe alſo dug a Hole, and buried her Money. When they were at ſome Diſtance from the Camp, our Heroine, regardleſs of Danger, puſh'd forward to a large Houſe, which ſhe enter'd, and found a Bed ready made, two or three Tubs of Flour, an Oven full of hot Bread, a conſiderable Quantity of Bacon and Beef hanging in the Chimney, a Baſket full of Cocks and Hens, with two Pots of Butter. She emptied the Feathers out of the Tick to cover her Mare with, leſt the hot Bread ſhould burn her Back; then threw the Feathers out of the Bolſter, into one End of which ſhe put the Bread, and into the other the Beef and Bacon, ſlung the Pots of Butter on each Side the Mare, took the Fowls in her Hand, and mounted. Scarce had ſhe done this, when the Signal Gun was fir'd, to give Notice that the whole Body of the Enemy were coming upon them. This gave a terrible Alarm to the Foragers, who in the Fright not only left their Hay and Corn, but even ſome of their Horſes behind them; whilſt Mrs. *Davies* not only carried off her own Booty, but even ſtaid to take up a Truſs of Hay that had been dropt, and at laſt got ſafe to the Place where the Army lay. She was ſomewhat ſurprized to find all

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in Motion, but however ſtaid to kill her Fowls, and fetch her Horſe and the Money ſhe had buried; then ſtruck her Tent, with which and other Things ſhe loaded him and followed the Army. Her Huſband being in the Rear, ſhe had an Opportunity of converſing with him: He was extremely melancholy, telling her this Engagement would certainly be the laſt he ſhould ever ſee: She endeavour'd to laugh him out of this Notion, but he inſiſted upon it that he ſhould be kill'd, which prov'd but too true. In their March ſo heavy a Rain fell, that they were Ankle-deep; and Mrs. *Davies* ſeeing a little Child of one of her Huſband's Comrades, was ſo compaſſionate as to take it up and carry it, leſt it ſhould be loſt in the deep Clay. At Night, when in Sight of the Enemy, the Army halted, and lay that Night on ſome fallow Ground, on which were many Heaps of Dung, and happy was he who could get one to ſleep upon. Mrs. *Davies* left the Army, and went to a great Houſe in the Rear to dreſs her Proviſions, led her Horſes into the Houſe, and, with the Aſſiſtance of a Butcher and Lord *Orkney*'s *French* Baker, unloaded them. Having made a great Wood Fire, dried herſelf, and laid the Child on ſome Straw before it, ſhe went in ſearch of Forage for her Beaſts; which having found, ſhe fed and litter'd them, lock'd them up in a handſome Parlour, and then ſet about dreſſing ſome Victuals. Going to the Well for Water, and letting down the Bucket, it ſtruck againſt ſomething which ſounded like a Braſs-Kettle. Upon letting down her Grapple, ſhe accordingly brought up a Kettle, and

the next Throw fetch'd out a Braſs Pail, in which was a Silver Quart Mugg in a Fiſh-ſkin Caſe. Having taken what Water ſhe wanted, and ſet it over the Fire, ſhe pluck'd her Fowls, and put them into the Pot with ſome Hung-Beef and Bacon; then went into the Garden to cut ſome Sprouts, waſh'd and put them in; and having left the Care of the Cooking to the Butcher and the Baker, ſearch'd the Houſe for Plunder. Having found nothing in ſeveral Rooms but what was too cumberſome to carry off, ſhe viſited the Cellar, and there found a Barrel of excellent ſtrong Beer; and ſoon after ſtumbling againſt an inner Cellar Door, ſhe found two Quart Bottles of Vinegar, and two of Brandy. With theſe Liquors ſhe fill'd her Flaſks and other Veſſels, and placed all the Booty in the Parlour with her Beaſts. Having regal'd her two Aſſiſtants, who were not a little thankful, (for Proviſions were then ſo ſcarce in the Army, that a Guinea and a half was offer'd for an Ounce of Bread, and there was no Probability of getting any Supply till the Battle was over) ſhe put her Proviſions and a Quantity of Beer on her Mare, and returned in ſearch of her Huſband. She took the Child along with her, and left her with her Father, having firſt fill'd her Belly, and given her her Apron full of Victuals. There was ſo great a Fog, that Mrs. *Davies* was a conſiderable time in looking for her Huſband, whom at length ſhe found faſt aſleep, with his Head on his Comrade's Backſide. She awaken'd him, and bid him aſk what Officers and Soldiers he thought fit to eat with him, eſpecially ſuch as he

he was obliged to. She ſet the Bread, Butter, and Beef before his Comrades, who made a hearty Meal, though they had no Table-cloth, Knives, *&c.* reſerving the Bacon, Fowls, and Sprouts for her Huſband and the invited Officers, who were Colonel and Captain *Hamilton*, Colonel *Irwin*, Capt. *Roſs*, Major *Maclane*, and Colonel *Folkes*. When all theſe Gueſts were ſatisfied, ſhe gave two Fowls, ſome Bacon and Beef to her Huſband and his Serjeant, and the Remainder to ſome young Recruits, who, not inur'd to Hardſhips, were ready to periſh with Hunger. Having reſerv'd ſome Pullets with Eggs for the General Officers, ſhe ſought out Lord *Orkney*; and finding him in Company with the Generals *Lumley*, *Webb*, *Withers*, and Lord *North* and *Grey*, ſhe ſet before them her Fowls, Bacon, Sprouts, and Hung-Beef. This was a very agreeable Surpriſe to them all, who did not imagine there had been ſo much Victuals in the whole Army of the Allies. They tore the Meat with their Fingers, and eat very heartily; and wanting Water to mix with their Wine, Mrs. *Davies* went to the Well, within Muſket-ſhot of the Enemy, and fetch'd them ſome, which ſeveral of the Soldiers had refuſed to do. After this Repaſt, one of the Company propoſed a Motion of the Army, not only without the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Order, but contrary to his expreſs Command, which was to keep themſelves in Readineſs to march upon the Word given. Lord *Orkney* ſaid, *they ought to wait till his Grace's Orders came; for he durſt ſay, he knew better than any in the Company when to give them.* On this another, whoſe Name

we

we purpoſely conceal, ſaid, that *his Grace was gone into the Wood, in cloſe Conference with his Nephew the Duke of* Berwick, *and wiſh'd it was not to ſell the Army of the Allies.* Lord *Orkney* anſwer'd with ſome Warmth, that *it was as ungenerous as unjuſt to harbour a Thought ſo injurious to the Duke's Honour, and ſo contrary to his Nature*; that *he was incapable of any thing which could caſt a Blemiſh on his exalted Character, than which no Man breathing could with Juſtice boaſt a greater.* The Duke of *Argyle* join'd the Company, and ſoon after went open-breaſted among the Soldiers to encourage them to behave as became *Engliſhmen:* "You ſee Brothers, *ſaid* "*he*, I have no conceal'd Armour, I am equal-"ly expoſed with you, and I require none to "go where I ſhall refuſe to venture. Remem-"ber you fight for the Liberties of all *Europe* "and the Glories of your Nation, which ſhall "never ſuffer by my Behaviour, and I hope "the Character of a *Briton* is as dear to every "one of you." To do him Juſtice, he always fought where the Danger was greateſt, and encouraged the Soldiers more by his Actions than by his Words. The Duke of *Marlborough* had indeed a Conference with the Duke of *Berwick*, which gave him an Opportunity to view the Enemy's Batterics, which was of ſignal Service to the Allies; for they raiſed a Battery which ſoon diſmounted the Cannon that the Duke had noted, by which the Entrenchment was render'd more acceſſible. As we have already given an Account of this Battle, we ſhall only take Notice of what relates more particularly to Mrs. *Davies.*

When

When the Engagement was begun, ſhe enter'd the Wood to carry Small-Beer to her Huſband, where the Shot and Bark of Trees flew about ſo thick as to give her ſome Uneaſineſs, ſeveral Pieces of the latter falling on her Neck, and getting down her Stays. Her Dog which we have ſpoken of before, at the Entrance of the Wood howl'd in a pitiful manner; which ſurpriz'd her, as it was unuſual. A Man who was eaſing Nature hearing him, ſaid, *Poor Creature! he would fain tell you that his Maſter is dead.* *How*, ſaid Mrs. *Davies*, *is he dead? I know not*, replied he, *but I am ſure he was very much wounded.* This brought to her Mind her Huſband's melancholy Prediction, that he ſhould be kill'd in this Battle; but ſtill hoping to find him alive, ſhe ran among the Dead, turn'd over near two hundred, and found Brigadier *Lallo*, Sir *Thomas Pendergraſs*, and a great many more of her beſt Friends among them. At laſt ſhe ſpied a Stranger ſtripping her Huſband's Body; but on Mrs. *Davies*'s Approach, he went off and left his Booty, fearing the Effects of her Rage, which indeed was ſo great, that ſhe would certainly have kill'd him, could ſhe have laid Hands on him. Her Grief on this Occaſion was inexpreſſible; ſhe bit out a great Piece of her Right Arm, tore her Hair, threw herſelf upon the Corpſe, and would have put a Period to her Life, had ſhe had any Inſtrument of Death. At length ſhe vented her Sorrow in a Flood of Tears, which gave her ſome Relief. While ſhe was thus deploring her Loſs Captain *Roſs* came by, who ſeeing her Agony, could not forbear ſympathizing with her,

her, and drop'd ſome Tears, proteſting that the poor Woman's Grief touch'd him nearer than the Loſs of ſo many brave Men. This Compaſſion from the Captain gave her the Nick-Name of *Mother Roſs*, by which ſhe was afterwards commonly known. After her Tears were a little abated, ſhe dug a Grave for the Corpſe, buried it, and would have thrown herſelf in with it, had ſhe not been prevented by ſome of her Huſband's Comrades. She then mounted her Mare, notwithſtanding ſhe had no Arms, and puſh'd into the Wood, with deſign to wreak her Vengeance on the *French*, (whom the Allies were then purſuing) and to tear in Pieces whoever fell into her Hands; nay, if ſhe had had Strength and Opportunity, ſhe would have given no Quarter to any Man in the *French* Army. She was riding full Speed after them, when Captain *Uſher* laid hold of her Mare and forced her back, or ſhe had inevitably been either killed or taken. The former ſhe would not have thought a Misfortune, for her Diſtraction render'd her incapable of minding her Buſineſs, her whole Time being employ'd in running to her Huſband's Grave, and endeavouring to remove the Earth with her Hands, in order to have another View of the Man whom ſhe loved with greater Tenderneſs than herſelf, and for whoſe Safety ſhe would willingly have ſacrificed her own Life. The poor Dog was always found lying on his Maſter's Grave, and for ſeveral Days could not be perſuaded to eat any Thing. Mrs. *Davies* herſelf, though often importun'd, touch'd nothing of Suſtenance for the whole Week. The Prince of

of *Orange*, near whoſe Quarters her Tent was pitch'd, and who frequently heard her crying, was ſo compaſſionate as to order his Servants to fetch her to Meals, ſaying, *The poor Woman weeps Night and Day, and I fear will kill herſelf, which would grieve me.* They obey'd his Highneſs's Orders, and would ſet the choiceſt Meats before her, but ſhe could touch nothing, however ſhe enjoy'd the Comfort of the Fire, and the Liberty of taking Coals to make one in her own Tent. Colonel *Hamilton*'s Lady hearing of the Weakneſs of her Stomach, and that ſhe was not able to bear any Kind of Meat, ſent for her, and order'd her what was more ſuitable to her Condition; and frequently endeavour'd to divert her Melancholy, by pleaſantly chiding her for grieving ſo much for one Man, when ſhe might pick and chuſe from the whole Battalion. Sometimes ſhe would gravely repreſent to her the Sin of Self-Murder, which would be the Conſequence of indulging her exceſſive Grief: That beſides, it was diſputing the Will of God, which we ought to obey with Reſignation. Colonel *Hamilton* often ſeconded his Lady's Charity; and by this Means in about ſix Weeks Mrs. *Davies* began to get the better of her Melancholy but was a long Time before ſhe could quite ſhake it off. During this Time ſhe had left the Care of her Tent to a Drummer and his Wife, who had extravagantly conſum'd her whole Subſtance. Her Horſes however had been well taken Care of by one *Hugh Jones*, a Grenadier whom we have formerly mention'd to have had a great Eſteem for her in her Huſband's Life-time.

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He now made his Addreſſes to her freely; to which, conſidering her Obligations to him, ſhe could not help liſtening. In ſhort, they were married in the Camp about eleven Weeks after her Huſband's Deceaſe, on conditions that he ſhould not eat or bed with her till they were in Garriſon; which he agreed to, and kept his Promiſe, however contrary to his Inclinations. Her Marriage being known had like to have cauſed a Duel between a Serjeant and her new Huſband, the former ſaying, *The Cow that lows moſt after her Calf goes ſooneſt to Bull:* The latter took him up in a very ſharp Manner; and if others had not interpoſed and made them Friends, the Serjeant acknowledging that he was in the Wrong, he might have repented his witty Reflection.

After the Reduction of *Mons*, their Regiment was quarter'd at *Ghent*, where they ſpent the Winter without any Event worthy of Notice; wherefore we ſhall proceed to the Operations of the enſuing Campaign, after having taken a ſhort View of the Affairs in *Spain*. This Year was fought the Battle of *Almenara*, where the Allies quitted Scores with the *Spaniards* for the Loſs they ſuſtain'd in that of *Almanza*. The Emperor ſent his Brother King *Charles* ſome Troops from *Italy*, which arriv'd very opportunely to check the Progreſs of the Enemy, who had carried the Town and Caſtle of *Alicant*, defeated the *Portugueſe* in the Plain of *Guadiana*, and liv'd at Diſcretion in their Country. *Philip* himſelf took the Field, and directed his March to *Catalonia*; but having Intelligence that the *French* were order'd to run

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no Hazard, he return'd to *Madrid* very much diſſatisfied, and there found a general Conſternation on the Advice they had of the King of *France* having recall'd his Troops. Reſolving to make the next Campaign in Perſon, he cauſed very great Levies to be made, and arriv'd the Begining of *May* at *Lerida*, where he held a Council of War, in which it was reſolv'd to beſiege *Balaguera*; but the Waters being out, and having Advice of the Reinforcement his Competitor had receiv'd from *Italy*, after he had inveſted the Town, he judg'd it proper to draw off from before it, and return to *Leirida*. King *Charles* being inform'd of this March, privately rais'd his Camp, and march'd with the utmoſt Expedition to meet the Enemy who immediately drew up on the riſing Ground of *Almenvra* with forty Squadrons, which were all their Horſe, and eight or ten Battalions, while the reſt of the Foot advanced. On another riſing Ground, which commanded that where the Enemy was poſted, the Allies mounted fourteen Pieces of Cannon, and, without ſtaying for the Ring Wing, charged the *Spaniards* ſo briſkly within ſixteen Squadrons that they broke and drove them upon our Foot that were in the Bottom, whom they trod down, and cauſed ſo great a Confuſion, that throwing away their Arms, and leaving their Baggage, Tents, Cannon and Waggons, they fled by the Favour of the Night to *Lerida*. King *Philip* arriv'd there at Midnight, very much diſpleaſed with the Behaviour of his Cavalry. On his Arrival he was blooded, having been thrown by his Horſe in the Action.

After

After this Victory, which coſt the Allies but four hundred Men they took in ſeveral Towns, making the Garriſons, Priſoners of War; and a great Part of the Kingdom of *Arragon*, as far as *Hueſca*, ſubmitted to King *Charles*, who, decamping from *Moncona* on the 12th of *Auguſt*, endeavoured to bring the Enemy to a ſecond Battle. He paſſed the *Ebre* near *Ozera* on the 12th, and march'd directly to them, who, under the Command of the Marquis *de Bay*, were poſted on the riſing Ground of *Jariexo*, ſtretching the Left towards *Saragoſſa*: He had the *Elbe* behind him, and the little River *Huebra* cover'd his Front. Each Army prepar'd on the 19th of *Auguſt* at Night for a general Engagement the next Day. As ſoon as it was Light the *Spaniſh* Cannon began to play, and made a terrible Fire on the Allies, who notwithſtanding march'd up in Order of Battle, and, receiving the Enemy's Fire began the Attack. The Generals *Amezaga* and *Mahoni* repulſed the Left Wing of the Allies, which Advantage gave the *Spaniards* great Hopes of the Victory: But General *Staremberg*, charging in his Turn, the left Wing of the Enemy, and taking them at the ſame Time in Flank with a Part of his Foot poſted behind Hedges, they threw themſelves in Diſorder on the main Body, which they put into Confuſion, and cauſed an entire Defeat of their whole Army about Four in the Afternoon. King *Charles*, who had the Satisfaction of ſupping that Night in the Tent of his Competitor, took ſixty-two Colours and Standards, twenty-two Pieces of Cannon, all the Equipages, ſix thouſand private Men

Men, and four hundred Officers. General *Mahoni*, who, with ſome of the Runaways, had thrown himſelf into the Caſtle of *Alfaxerea* near *Saragoſſa*, was ſummon'd, and oblig'd to ſurrender Priſoner of War, with thoſe who had follow'd him.

After this Defeat, *Philip*, with an Eſcort of two hundred Officers, retir'd to *Madrid*. He immediately ordered Money and Proviſions to be ſent to his ſcatter'd Troops, and drew five thouſand Men from the Frontiers of *Andaluſia*, to reinforce his Army which was getting together. In the Interim *Saragoſſa* ſubmitted to King *Charles*, and ſent him a Preſent of ſeventy thouſand Pieces of Eight, with a Quantity of Cloathing, Ammunition, and Proviſions for his Army. After this the Allies march'd to *Madrid*: On whoſe Approach *Philip*, not thinking himſelf ſecure, ſent the rich Furniture of the Palace to *Valladolid*, which he follow'd the next Day with his whole Court, having promiſed the *Caſtilians* by a Letter to return to *Madrid* in the Space of a Month. This Promiſe however did not prevent the Town's ſubmitting to King *Charles*, on a Summons from General *Stanhope*; which was follow'd by a general Amneſty, and publick Rejoicings for three Days. The Allies having taken out of the Church of our Lady *d'Atocha* the Colours they had formerly loſt, encamp'd at *Canillejas*; and ſoon after King *Charles* made his Entry into *Madrid*, and having heard Maſs at the Church juſt mention'd, he left the City the ſame Night.

Philip made good his Promiſe of returning to *Madrid* in a Month; for the Troops he had

drawn together from all Quarters form'd ſo conſiderable an Army, that the Allies were obliged to quit that City on the 11th of *November*, and withdraw to *Toledo*, which had ſubmitted to King *Charles*. *Philip* made no long Stay at *Madrid*, but ſet out to place himſelf at the Head of his Army. His Deſign was to follow the Allies in their Retreat to *Arragon*, and bring them to a Battle; in which, in all likelihood, he would have had the Advantage, as they were divided into ſeveral Corps, that they might more eaſily ſubſiſt. On Advice that General *Stanhope* was at *Brihuega*, with eight Battalions and as many Squadrons, he order'd it to be immediately inveſted. The Cannon having made a Breach, the Beſiegers gave the Aſſault, puſh'd to the very Centre of the Town, and, after a Defence of twenty-eight Hours, compell'd this numerous Body to ſurrender Priſoners of War; but on this Condition however, that the Officers ſhould not be ſpoil'd of their Equipages and Horſes. General *Staremberg* hearing of the Danger that *Stanhope* was in, march'd with all the Army to his Succour, and in the Night fired ſeveral Cannon to give him notice of his Arrival. He advanced as far as the Plain of *Villa-vicioſa*, whither the *Spaniſh* Army, after the Expedition of *Brihuega*, march'd in Order of Battle to meet him, they being greatly ſuperior in Number. The Duke of *Vendoſme* attack'd, and ſoon routed the Left Wing of the Allies; then taking their Horſe in Flank, he broke them alſo; but the Foot maintain'd the Fight till Night, when they fled towards *Seguença*, leaving behind them their Cannon and wounded

wounded Men, with a great Number of Waggons. The *Germans* give a quite different Account, and ſay, that the Allies entirely defeated the Enemy's Horſe, and drove the whole Army of the *Spaniards* beyond the *Tajune*, kill'd ſix thouſand, and remain'd Maſters of the Field and all the Cannon till Noon the next Day. But this is not at all likely; for tis certain that this Battle fix'd *Philip* in that Throne, the Poſſeſſion of which was the Ground of this bloody War. But to return to the *Low-Countries*.

Prince *Eugene* and the Duke of *Marlborough* arriving in the Army on the 20th of *April* 1710, decamp'd that very Night, to ſeize on the Bridge at *Vendin*, and the upper Grounds of *Courieres*. The *French* no ſooner ſaw the Vanguard of the Allies, but they quitted their Lines; ſo that the Duke of *Wirtemberg* and Lieutenant-General *Cadogan* enter'd them, without ſo much as drawing a Sword. On the other hand, M. *d'Artagnon*, who was poſted behind the *Scarpe* with forty Battalions and thirty Squadrons, abandon'd the River the very next Day, and withdrew under the Cannon of *Arras*. This ſucceſsful Opening of the Campaign was follow'd by the Siege of *Doway*, which was inveſted the 23d. This Place, in which *Philip* the Second of *Spain* founded an Univerſity in 1560, was taken by *Lewis* XIV. in 1667, who cauſed it to be regularly fortified, and raiſed a Fort on the *Scarpe* at a little Diſtance from the Town. While the Allies were opening their Trenches and carrying on their Works, Marſhal *Villars*, having reinforced his Army with all the Men he could draw out of the Garriſons, gave out

that he would march to the Relief of the Town; and in effect he made a Detachment, which advanced very near to the Lines that the Allied Army had drawn, to prevent their being incommoded during the Siege. Theſe Motions raiſed the Hopes of the Beſieg'd, and animated them to a vigorous Defence; but notwithſtanding all their Bravery, the Town was oblig'd to capitulate, and the Garriſon march'd out with all the Marks of Honour.

The Partiſan *Du Moulin* attempted to ſurprize *Lovain*, but was diſappointed by the Bravery of the Burghers. On the 5th of *Auguſt* he detach'd a Party, who ſcaled the Wall between the old and new Gate of *Bruſſels*, where the Ditch is dry; and having enter'd the Town without being perceiv'd, diſarmed the Burghers Guard, open'd a Gate, and let in their Comrades, to the Number of four or five hundred; who poſting themſelves in St. *James*'s Churchyard, ſent a Party from thence to the Heart of the Town, and ſecur'd the Burghers Grand Guard. After this Expedition they intended to poſſeſs themſelves of the other Gates; the Garriſon, which was but a hundred and fifty Men, having withdrawn on the firſt Notice into the Caſtle. In the Interim the whole Town was alarm'd, and the Burgher-Maſter awaking with the Noiſe made in the Streets, ran diſguiſed to St. *Peter*'s Church, and rang the Alarum Bell. Immediately the Burghers took to their Arms, and headed by *Van de Ven* march'd to the Square, and drew up in Order before the Guard. *Du Moulin*, hearing that all was in Motion, ſent an Officer on Horſeback to ſee how

how Things went. He came to the Square with his drawn Sword in his Hand, and threaten'd the Burghers to fire the Town, if they did not lay down their Arms: But this Menace was ſo far from having the deſired Effect, that one of them fired at him, and ſhot him dead on the Spot. The Burgher-maſter immediately order'd the Inhabitants to repair to the Gate the Enemy had open'd, and retake it, while he at the Head of his Company march'd to St. *James*'s Churchyard to diſlodge the *French*; who, fearing they ſhould be cut off from the Gate, thought proper to retreat juſt before the Burghers arriv'd.

When the Allies march'd to the Siege of *Doway*, one *Morgan Jones* ſtole a Mare from Mrs. *Davies*, ſo that ſhe was obliged to purchaſe another, which ſhe did of a *Huſſar*, who had ſtolen it from a Boor. The latter found her in Mrs. *Davies*'s Poſſeſſion, and, notwithſtanding ſhe had endeavour'd to diſguiſe her, knew and claim'd his Beaſt. She inſiſted that the Mare was her Property, that ſhe had bought and paid for her, and would not part with her Right. This would not do; the Peaſant complain'd to Lord *Orrery*, and making Oath that the Mare was his, Mrs. *Davies* was obliged to return her, and could never get the Money of the *Huſſar*. However, ſhe afterwards recover'd her ſtolen Mare, and her Huſband heartily drubb'd the *Welchman* for his thieving.

After the Reduction of *Doway*, the Allies inveſted *Bethune*. The Town was well furniſh'd with every thing neceſſary for holding out a long Siege; it was defended by deep

Ditches, a great Number of Mines, double Outworks, and the low Grounds about it were laid under Water. The Allies however found means to drain off the Water, carried on their Works without being moleſted by Mines, and prepar'd to give the Aſſault to the Outworks; but the Beſieged not daring to expoſe themſelves to it, hung out a white Enſign at Count *Schuitenbourg*'s Attack. Baron *Fagel* reſenting the Governor's not doing the like on his Side, continued to puſh on his Works; and, thinking his Honour at ſtake, threaten'd to lay all in Aſhes, if they delay'd it any longer. Monſieur *de Vauban*, who commanded in the Town, made ſome Difficulty of this, becauſe there was no Breach as yet on the Side of the Baron's Attack: However, he was at length oblig'd to ſubmit, a Capitulation was ſign'd, and the Garriſon march'd out with the Marks of Honour.

Mrs. *Davies* being in one of the Regiments which cover'd the Siege, had no occaſion to run into Danger; but however would venture out with the Foragers, who had all like to have been cut off. Marſhal *Villars* had detach'd ſeveral Squadrons to attack them, which fell on thoſe that were to protect them, and ſoon made them give way; but the Foragers making head and ſuſtaining them, the Tables were turn'd, and they drove the Enemy with great Slaughter. Freſh Troops coming to the Aſſiſtance of the *French*, the Foragers were compell'd to retreat to a Village, where they expected Succour from the Army. The *French* ſurrounded them, ſummon'd them to ſurrender, and upon Refuſal attack'd them in Front, but were oblig'd to

retreat

retreat at the Approach of the Piquet-Guard. In this Excurſion for Forage, Mrs. *Davies* got out of a Barn a large Bolſter full of Wheat, two Pots of Butter, and a great Quantity of Apples, all which ſhe carried ſafe to her Tent.

After the Reduction of *Bethune*, as ſoon as the Works were fill'd up, and the Breaches haſtily repair'd, *St. Venant* was inveſted by the Prince of *Orange*, and *Aire* by the Prince of *Anhalt-Deſſau*. Monſieur *de Guebriant*, who commanded in the latter, made all the neceſſary Preparations for a vigorous Defence. At *St. Venant*, the Beſiegers, after having made the proper Approaches, gave ſeveral Aſſaults to the Outworks; and the Beſieged, ſeeing them about to raiſe Batteries to play upon the Body of the Town, capitulated, and were allow'd to march out with the uſual military Honours. Mrs. *Davies*'s Huſband was at this Siege, where at the Attack of the Counterſcarp he receiv'd a Muſquet-Ball in his Thigh. She had the Affliction to ſee him brought off by his Comrades; but felt nothing like the Grief which ſeiz'd her when ſhe found her dear *Richard Welch* among the Dead. As ſhe knew nothing more dangerous for him than to catch Cold, ſhe pull'd off her Cloaths to cover him up warm, and accompanied him to the Trench; where a Surgeon having ſearch'd and dreſs'd his Wound, ſaid it was but ſlight, but the next Day finding the Bone broken, judg'd it mortal, as indeed it prov'd to be.

When *St. Venant* had ſurrender'd, the wounded Men were carried to the Army at *Aire*, before which Town the Prince of *Anhalt-*

Deſſau open'd the Trenches in two Places on the 12th of *September* at Night. The ſtony Ground, the great Rains, and the brave Defence of the Beſieg'd, contributed to the Length and Difficulty of this Siege. The Garriſon diſputed the Ground Inch by Inch, and behaved with exemplary Courage: The Allies however ſurmounted all theſe Obſtacles; and having carried the cover'd Way, fill'd up the Ditch which led to the Breach, and prepared the laſt Batteries, compell'd the Garriſon to beat the *Chamade*, who were allowed to march out on the 11th of *November* with four Pieces of Cannon, two Mortars, and all the Marks of Honour. This Siege put a Period to the Campaign, and the Army was ordered into Winter-Quarters. The wounded Men were ſent to the Hoſpital at *Liſle*, where Mrs. *Davies*'s Huſband daily grew worſe, and had his Wound often laid open; which at length turn'd to a Mortification, and carried him off.

Mrs. *Davies* having no Acquaintance in *Liſle*, had no Buſineſs to ſupport her. Brigadier *Preſton*, the only one ſhe knew, allow'd her a Crown a Week, and a Dinner every *Tueſday*; and whenever he had any Entertainment, ſhe was allow'd, for aſſiſting the Cook, to carry away Victuals enough for three or four Days. This Goodneſs might perhaps proceed partly from Generoſity, and partly from a grateful Remembrance of the Care ſhe took of him when he lay ill of a Wound he receiv'd at *Ramillies*.

The Unanimity of the Allies was the principal Cauſe of a ſucceſsful War; which at laſt, through

through the Diviſions in *England* between the *Whigs* and *Tories*, was attended with a leſs advantagious Peace than might have been expected from ſo many glorious Victories.

The Beginning of *April* the Emperor *Joſeph* was attack'd with a violent Diſtemper, which in ſpite of all the Advice of his Phyſicians daily increaſed, who at length diſcover'd that the Remedies they had preſcribed were contrary to the Nature of his Diſtemper, which prov'd to be the Small-Pox: However, he was not thought in Danger till the 15th; but the next Day his Imperial Majeſty complain'd of a great Heat in his Bowels, and a great Heavineſs and Diſtraction in his Head. This augmenting the Conſternation the Court was in, cauſed great Diſputes among the Phyſicians; in which they ſpent a whole Night, and came to no Concluſion till the Morning, when the Emperor was paſt taking any Remedy, and had but juſt Life enough to receive the Sacraments and the Apoſtolical Benediction from the Nuncio, before he gave up the Ghoſt.

The Grand Army was drawn early together at *Orchies*, where it remain'd till the 30th of *April*, and from thence march'd on the Side of the Plain of *Doway*, without entring upon any thing of Importance, on account of the *French* giving out, that they would ſend a large Body of Troops into *Germany* under the Command of the Elector of *Bavaria*, to take Advantage of the Conſternation cauſed by the Death of the Emperor; but theſe Deſigns proved abortive, by the Allies having the Precaution to ſend a very conſiderable Detachment to the *Upper Rhine*.

Rhine. After the Allies had poſted themſelves between *Valenciennes* and *Douay*, they had two or three Skirmiſhes with the Enemy; and on the Arrival of Prince *Eugene* march'd to *Lens*, to give the *French* a fair Opportunity to come to a general Battle. They made a Shew of being inclin'd to it, by laying Bridges over the *Scheld*, and altering the Situation of their Army, though they had no ſuch Intention: However, ſeven or eight hundred Men were order'd to force a fortified Poſt at *Arleux*, whom our Heroine follow'd in the Piquet Guard, ſent to ſupport them in caſe they ſhould be worſted by the *French*. The Detachment carried the Poſt, and began to fortify themſelves in it, a large Body of Troops being ſent to cover them. Theſe the *French* ſurprized in the Night and put into Diſorder; but thoſe whom they were to cover awaking, and falling on in their Shirts Sword in Hand, the others rallied, and the Enemy was repuls'd. The next Morning, going into a neighbouring Wood, Mrs. *Davies* had the good Fortune to find a very handſome Horſe tied to a Tree, with a Tent upon his Back as good as new; which probably had been left there by one of the Party who attack'd them the Night before.

During this Time of Inaction, for it hardly deſerves another Name, the Prince of *Orange* quitted the Army to make a Tour to the *Hague*, to terminate ſome Differences with the King of *Pruſſia* relating to the Inheritance of King *William*'s Eſtates; but on his Journey was unfortunately drown'd at *Moerdyk*, and his Body found a Week after by a Boat of *Berg-op-Zoom*.

A few

A few Days after this fatal Accident, the General of the Allies gave out that they would attack the Lines the *French* had drawn to cover the Country of *Artois*, behind which they had hitherto laid. In effect, the Duke of *Marlborough*, having advanced within two Leagues of thoſe Lines, order'd the Horſe to cut ſeveral thouſand Faſcines to fill up the Ditch, and ſent away the heavy Baggage under the Conduct of General *Hompeſch*, that he might have no Encumbrance. This Detachment, which ſeem'd deſign'd for nothing more than an Eſcort, being join'd by Part of ſeveral Garriſons, and increaſed to eight thouſand Foot and two thouſand Horſe, General *Hompeſch* march'd with all poſſible Expedition towards *Arleux*, in order to paſs the River *Senſet*, from which *Villars* had drawn his Forces to ſtrengthen his Army, believing he ſhould be attack'd in his Lines. But the Allies, who had only amuſed him, precipitately decamping, and dividing themſelves into four Columns, march'd towards *Arleux* to ſupport Count *Hompeſch*. The Duke of *Marlborough*, that he might get thither ſoon enough, went before with all the Horſe of the Right Wing. Marſhal *Villars* could ſcarce believe the firſt Intelligence he received of this March, but having Advice by which he was convinced, he alſo raiſed his Camp. However, as the Allies were ſo far before him, that it was impoſſible for him to overtake them with his whole Army, he placed himſelf at the Head of twenty Squadrons to diſpute the Paſſage of the *Senſet*: But having croſs'd a Defile, he found Count *Hompeſch* drawn up in Order of Battle on the other

other Side of the River, ſupported by the Duke of *Marlborough* at the Head of the Horſe. The good Countenance they ſhew'd prevented his taking advantage of the Diſtance of the reſt of the Army, and made him determine on a Retreat. The croſſing the *Senſet* render'd the *French* Lines uſeleſs, and gave the Allies an Entrance into the Enemy's Country without the Loſs of a Man, and was look'd upon as a Maſter-ſtroke of the Duke of *Marlborough*.

The firſt Conſequence of this Expedition was the Siege of *Bouchain*, which was inveſted by Baron *Fagel*. Marſhal *Villars*, to impede the Siege and keep a Communication with the Town, raiſed an Entrenchment near *Marquette*, which was extended as far as the *Moraſs* of *Bouchain*, and poſted in it twenty Battalions. The Beſiegers, notwithſtanding this, undertook to cloſe their Circumvallation on that Side, and carried it from the riſing Ground to the *Moraſs*, acroſs which they at length extended it, making it firm with Pontons, Faſcines, *&c.* This having render'd the Marſhal's Endeavours fruitleſs, the Trenches were open'd, and the Batteries began to play; which made ſuch a terrible Fire, that the Garriſon not being able to ſtand, made but a feeble Oppoſition to the Approaches of the Allies, and were ſoon obliged to capitulate; and march'd out to the Number of three thouſand Men. This was the laſt Expedition of the Campaign.

During this Siege Mrs. *Davies* was conſtantly employ'd in my Lord *Stair*'s Kitchen, under his Cook; into which Colonel *K*— coming, would have been rude enough, if ſhe had not diſengag'd

diſengaged herſelf with a Caſe-Knife, juſt as Lord *Forreſter* came in, who aſk'd what was the Matter. She told him *the Colonel was but a bad Judge of Mankind, who were to be read by their Actions: Had he conſider'd that the Love ſhe bore her Huſband had made her expoſe herſelf to all the Dangers of a Soldier's Life, he would not have made an Attempt ſo unbecoming his Character, and ſo little likely to ſucceed.* The Colonel ſaid he only intended to kiſs her. Lord *Forreſter* commended and rewarded her Virtue with a Piece of Gold, while he gave the Colonel a gentle and friendly Reprimand; who, a few Days after, had his Heel taken off by a Muſquet-Ball, which Wound laid him up for a conſiderable Time. As Mrs. *Davies* was one Day maroding near the beſieged Town, ſhe got a Baſket-full of Fowls and Pigeons, which ſhe preſented to the wounded Colonel, to whom ſhe was reconcil'd, as he had begg'd her Pardon. Theſe were no Trifles neither, conſidering the Scarcity of Proviſions, occaſion'd by the two Armies being ſo near each other, and the Danger of ſtirring abroad. The Colonel took this Preſent in ſo good part, that he gave her three Barrels of ſtrong Beer, and was very generous to her ever after. Nothing happen'd to Mrs. *Davies* in particular all this Campaign of 1711, which was the laſt the Duke of *Marlborough* made, to the no ſmall Regret of the whole Army, by whom he was entirely beloved.

One Day, while the Siege continued, they had a great Dinner to dreſs, and wanting ſome Aſſiſtance in the Kitchen, my Lord borrow'd

General

General *Schomberg*'s Cook. The General dining with my Lord, he was not wanted at his own Quarters. When the Dinner was over, the borrow'd Cook took ſome of the Proviſions that were left along with him. Near his Maſter's Quarters he met with a Corporal, who had been upon Duty eight and forty Hours, without any Refreſhment during that Time. The Cook took Compaſſion upon the almoſt famiſh'd Soldier, and gave him all he had brought from Lord *Stair*'s Kitchen; which General *Schomberg*'s Quarter-Maſter obſerving, went up to the Cook, and aſk'd if he had any Proviſions for him: But the Cook anſwering in the Negative, from Words the Quarter-Maſter proceeded to Blows; which the Cook not caring to take, he return'd them with Intereſt, and drubb'd the Quarter-Maſter to ſome tune. When the General return'd to his Tent, the beaten Quarter-Maſter made his Complaints to him, who not entering into the Merits of the Cauſe, order'd the poor Cook into the Cuſtody of the Provoſt, where he was confin'd four and twenty Hours. The next Day after his Confinement, General *Schomberg* din'd again with my Lord, among ſeveral other Officers of the Army. When they were all ſeated, Mrs. *Davies* enter'd the Room with her uſual Freedom, and, looking my Lord *Stair* full in the Face, open'd the Caſe in the following Manner: *May it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I have heard of Perſons put into Confinement for Theft, but never yet of one impriſon'd for not ſtealing. I beg your Lordſhip therefore to prevail on the General to releaſe his Cook for not filching from your Lordſhip's*

ſhip's Table two Days ago, in order to fill the Paunch of the General's Quarter-Maſter: Or if it is a Dutch *Cuſtom, I deſire it may for once be overlook'd.* The General was prevail'd on by the Company to ſend Orders for the Cook's Releaſe, who came into my Lord's Kitchen before Dinner was over. As ſoon as Mrs. *Davies* ſaw him at Liberty, ſhe went into the Dining-Room, and told the General ſhe came to give him a Kiſs, by way of Acknowledgment: But the General by his Countenance ſeem'd to ſay he was unworthy of ſo great an Honour. However, obſerving by the Eyes of my Lord *Stair* that he was willing ſhe ſhould purſue the Frolick, ſhe wip'd her greaſy Chops with her Apron, and proceeded to do as ſhe ſaid. The General finding her reſolute, roſe from his Chair, and they had a Race round the Table for ſome time: But he being a very good-humour'd Gentleman, and knowing her free way, ſtopp'd and kiſs'd her heartily; though at the ſame time he told the Company, *if he had not had a very good Stomach, the greaſy Bitch would have ſpoiled it.*

Another time one of my Lord's Footmen had been playing the Game of Up-Tails-all, and had the ill Luck to meet with a Fire-ſhip. The poor Fellow was in a deſperate Condition, and his Modeſty (tho' Mrs. *Davies*'s Countryman) prevented the Diſcovery for ſome time: At laſt my Lord's Gentleman found it out, and having a Smattering in Phyſick, undertook the Cure. Mrs. *Davies* being of an inquiſitive Nature, ſoon came to the Truth; and was barbarous enough to plague the poor Wretch about it:

it: But he ſtill denied the Affair, telling her he fear'd he was in a Conſumption; and frequently borrow'd Saucepans, *&c.* to prepare Medicines, by Order of his Phyſician. One Day, unknown to Mrs. *Davies*, he had taken a Stew-pan to boil his Ingredients for a Poultice; and when ſhe wanted it, it was no where to be found. She ſearch'd every Place ſhe could think of, and all to no purpoſe; till hearing People whiſper in a little Room, where the Lumber was generally put, ſhe peep'd through the Key-hole, and ſoon perceiv'd what Uſe the Gentleman and Footman made of the Stew-pan. She had not Patience to call to them, but broke the Door open with her Knee, which ſo much ſurpriz'd the Doctor and Patient, that they both ruſh'd out of the Door, the Footman with his Breeches down, and twenty Yards of Roller at his Heels. She call'd after him, threatening to tell my Lord the Uſe he had made of the Stew-pan, and was as good as her Word; tho' her Motive was not Ill-nature, for ſhe knew my Lord would order a proper Surgeon to take care of the poor Fellow. One Day at Dinner ſhe told the Story to the Company whilſt the Footman was waiting at the Table, juſt as he had been order'd to take away the firſt Diſh; which he did in ſuch Confuſion, that he threw down what Broth was left in it over the Duke of *A—e.* This increaſed the poor Wretch's Diſorder, who running with Precipitation out of the Door, met full-but three Servants coming in with the reſt of the Dinner. He threw down the firſt, the firſt the ſecond, the ſecond the third, Diſhes and all; and never made his Appearance

pearance till Night. The Fellow by his Lordſhip's Order was put under the Care of the Surgeon of the Regiment, and that in good time; for had he continued under his firſt Quack-Doctor, the leaſt of his Loſſes would have been that of his Noſe: But by the Surgeon's Skill his Bridge was ſecured, and he became a ſound Man again, returning Thanks to Mrs. *Davies* for the lucky Accident, as he call'd it. But to return to the State of publick Affairs.

During the Siege of *Bouchain*, *Charles* III. King of *Spain* was elected Emperor; of whoſe Affairs, with relation to the *Spaniſh* Monarchy, the Succeſſion to which was the principal Ground of the War, it will not be amiſs to take a ſhort View. After *Philip* had won the Victory of *Villa-vicioſa* in the Year 1710, he once more became Maſter of the whole Kingdom of *Arragon*, the Subjects of which were obliged to renew their Oaths of Allegiance to him. This Reduction being made, the Duke of *Noailles* inveſted *Girone*; and having carried the *Red Fort*, attack'd the Town on the ſame Side. When two Breaches were made, there fell ſuch a violent Rain, that it ruin'd all the Beſiegers Works and Batteries, and reduced them to great Streights. When the Rain ceaſed, they began to repair the Damage; and having ſprung a Mine with the deſir'd Succeſs, they mounted the Breach, and carried the firſt Entrenchment, when the Governor ſent to deſire a Capitulation; which was granted accordingly, and the *French* enter'd the Town.

After the Surrender of *Girone*, the Troops went into Winter-Quarters. *Philip* choſe *Sara-*

goſſa, to be at hand to give his Orders, and made new Levies, giving out that they were deſign'd for the Siege of *Barcelona*. In the Interim Count *Staremberg* having receiv'd from *England* large Remittances of Money, and ſome Troops from *Italy*, which conſiderably increaſed his Army, poſſeſs'd himſelf of *Pratz-del-Rey*, a very advantageous Poſt, from which all the Endeavours of the Enemy could not remove him: Wherefore while the two Armies were diſputing the Ground, the Duke of *Vendoſme* detach'd Count *Muret* with ſix thouſand Men to form the Siege of *Cardona*; which, though not well fortified, had a good Caſtle and a numerous Garriſon. The old Towers were ſoon demoliſh'd by the Cannon of the Beſiegers, who having made an Aſſault, carried the Rampart, enter'd the Town, and obliged ſuch of the Inhabitants as had not withdrawn into the Caſtle, to ſurrender Priſoners of War. Being Maſters of the Town, they turn'd all their Strengh againſt the Caſtle, the Garriſon whereof, having Hopes of Succour, made a reſolute Defence. They were reduced to eat their Horſes and Aſſes, when Count *Staremberg* ſent a Detachment, which being advanced near the Caſtle, drove the Beſiegers, and vigorouſly repuls'd twelve Companies of Grenadiers who endeavour'd to diſlodge them. Their Buſineſs was to keep the Enemy in Motion, to gain a Paſſage for four hundred Men, laden with Proviſions, into the Caſtle; which was luckily effected, by the Beſiegers abandoning their Poſt on the Approach of the Troops that ſuſtain'd the Convoy: They however very ſtrenuouſly

endeavour'd to gain the riſing Ground, which the Allies had in poſſeſſion, but all their Efforts were ineffectual; and after having loſt two thouſand Men kill'd or taken, they thought fit to retreat and carry off what Baggage they could. This Loſs made the Duke of *Vendoſme* take the Advantage of the Night and a great Fog to decamp from *Pratz-del-Rey*.

The Allies never had ſo numerous an Army in *Flanders*, as this Year; and the Duke of *Ormond*, who ſucceeded the Duke of *Marlborough* in the Command of the Forces, proteſted he would exert himſelf to bring the *French* to liſten to Reaſon: Notwithſtanding which, when a fair Opportunity offer'd, and a Reſolution was taken to attack them, he declar'd he had no Orders to act againſt the *French*. This very much enraged the other Generals; who, however, could not think of remaining inactive the whole Campaign; and notwithſtanding the Duke of *Ormond* refuſed to employ any Part of the *Engliſh* Forces in the Siege of *Queſnoy*, that Town was inveſted by the reſt of the Allies on the 8th of *June*, under the Command of General *Fagel*. Though the Nights were then very ſhort, and the Moon at the Full, this did not prevent the opening of the Trenches. The Town deſir'd to capitulate on the 3d of *July*, but they could get no other Terms than to be made Priſoners of War.

New Inſtructions were ſent to the Duke of *Ormond*, in conſequence of which he withdrew from the reſt of the Army with all the *Engliſh* Troops, and proclaim'd a Suſpenſion of Arms at the Head of his Camp.

To the end the Allies might be render'd incapable of undertaking any thing conſiderable againſt *France*, the Duke of *Ormond* endeavour'd to draw off the *German* Troops in *Engliſh* Pay, and to bring them to enter into the Suſpenſion of Arms. With this Deſign he gave them Advice of his going off, and ſummon'd them to follow him; which they refuſed to do, except one Battalion and ſix Squadrons. Having ſent the ſame Orders to the Prince *d'Anhalt-Deſſau*, General of the *Pruſſian* Troops, this Prince return'd for Anſwer, That he had receiv'd Inſtructions from the King his Maſter, with Command to obey the *Engliſh* General in whatever ſhould not be contrary to them; by which he was enjoin'd to act offenſively as well as defenſively; and if he receiv'd contrary Orders, the King commanded him to withdraw, and join his Forces to Prince *Eugene*'s Army. The Prince of *Heſſe-Caſſel* being alſo ſummon'd, thus addreſs'd himſelf to the Officer who carried the Order: *Sir, tell the Duke of* Ormond, *that the* Heſſian *Troops deſire nothing more ardently than to march, provided it be againſt the* French: *I will do myſelf the Honour to acquaint his Excellency with the Reaſon I cannot now obey his Orders.* The Army decamping to march to *Thian*, all the foreign Troops in *Engliſh* Pay left the Duke of *Ormond*, and join'd Prince *Eugene*. Tho' the withdrawing the *Britiſh* Forces conſiderably weaken'd the Army, the Allies undertook the Siege of *Landrecy*, which the Prince of *Anhalt-Deſſau* inveſted on the 17th of *July*, with thirty-five Battalions and thirty Squadrons.

When

When the Duke of *Ormond* decamp'd, he made a Feint of taking the *Ypres* Road, and of ſtaying in that Neighbourhood, but ſoon changed his Rout, and made an expeditious March towards *Ghent* and *Bruges*, which two Places he ſurpriz'd and garriſon'd, and thus became Maſter of the Paſs of thoſe Convoys which the Allies receiv'd by the *Lys* and the *Scheld*.

On the 19th of *July*, *France* gave Poſſeſſion of *Dunkirk* to the Troops the Queen ſent thither from *England*. But to return to the Siege of *Landrecy*.

The Allies, to keep open a Communication with *Doway*, *Tournay*, and *Marchienne*, had poſted a Body of Troops in an Entrenchment at *Denain* on the *Scheld*. Marſhal *Villars* being inform'd very minutely of the Strength and Diſpoſition of the Allies, and conſequently of the Corps at *Denain*, reſolv'd to ſurprize theſe Troops. After ſeveral falſe Motions to deceive the Allies, and to make them believe he intended to ſuccour *Landrecy*, he on a ſudden changed his Rout, and being reinforced by the Garriſons of *Cambray* and *Valenciennes*, fell furiouſly with his whole Army upon the little Camp at *Denain*. It was impoſſible for the Earl of *Albemarle*, who commanded this Body, to withſtand the whole *French* Army, or even to retreat: Wherefore after a ſhort Engagement the Entrenchment was carried, and all who defended it were kill'd in the Action. The next Day the victorious *French* appear'd before *Marchienne*, a weak Town, which they took with little Trouble. Here they found not only

all the Artillery and Ammunition deſign'd for the Siege of *Landrecy*, but all the Proviſions, brought together at a prodigious Expence, for the Support of the Army.

The Court of *France*, on the Advice of this Succeſs, no longer doubted of the Allies being compell'd to accept of ſuch Conditions of Peace as the *Engliſh* and *French* had preſcribed them. They were confirmed in this Opinion by the taking an hundred and fifty Barks laden with Ammunition and Proviſions, the raiſing the Siege of *Landrecy*, and the Retreat of the Allies towards *Mons*. In effect thoſe Loſſes had ſo greatly weaken'd the Confederates, that, far from being in a Condition to undertake any Enterprize, they were not able to prevent Marſhal *Villars* retaking ſeveral Towns this Campaign.

The Marſhal being fluſh'd with this Turn of Fortune, inveſted *Doway* on the 3d of *Auguſt*. He left the Care of the Siege to Marſhal *Monteſquiou* and Count *Albergotti*, while he himſelf, with the grand Army, obſerv'd the Motions of Prince *Eugene*, who, after the raiſing the Siege of *Landrecy*, had retired and advanced very near *Tournay* to ſuccour the Beſieged, if he found it practicable. After he had been ſeveral times to reconnoitre the Enemy's Lines, it was thought too dangerous to attack them: However, the Prince having ſpread a Report that he would march to the Relief of the Town, actually decamp'd and drew near to the Enemy; but as this Motion was made with no other View than to encourage the Beſieged, the Army ſoon return'd to its Poſt. General *Hompeſch*, who had

had thrown himſelf into the Town with ſome Troops before it was inveſted, defended himſelf with all the Bravery that could be expected with a weak and an ill-provided Garriſon. He held out till the 10th of *September*, and at laſt was allow'd no other Conditions than to ſurrender Priſoners of War. Before the End of this Siege, and after Prince *Eugene*'s Retreat, Marſhal *Villars*, having led his Troops over the *Scheld*, advanced to the Plain of *Sebourg*, to deprive the Allies of all Communication with *Queſnoy*; and having thrown up an Intrenchment for that Purpoſe, he inveſted the Town in Form. General *Ivoy*, the Governor, defended himſelf with all imaginable Bravery; but the *French* notwithſtanding, carrying on their Works with the utmoſt Vigour, made themſelves Maſters of the Outworks without great Loſs; and having made a Breach, fill'd up the Ditch, and finiſh'd the Galleries, all the Grenadiers of the Army were order'd to prepare for a general Aſſault. Before it was given, the Marſhal ſummon'd the Governor, who not being ſtrong enough to withſtand the Enemy, was obliged to ſurrender upon the ſame Terms with the Garriſon of *Doway*. Towards the End of the Siege of *Queſnoy*, the Chevalier *Luxembourg* inveſted *Bouchain*, and attack'd it with ſuch Reſolution that the Garriſon, which conſiſted but of five hundred Men, were ſoon obliged to ſurrender.

In the midſt of theſe Diſaſters, the Garriſon of *Oſtend* gain'd a conſiderable Advantage over the *French*. Monſieur *Caris*, Governor of that Town, being inform'd of the weak Condition

of the Garriſon of Fort *Knoque*, ſent the Partiſan *La Rue*, with an hundred and fourſcore Men, who in the Night-time found means to conceal themſelves in ſome Houſes that lay between the Draw-bridge and the Fort; and at the opening of the Gate ſeiz'd upon the two neareſt Bridges, ſurpriz'd the Guard, poſſeſs'd themſelves of the other Gates, and diſarm'd the Garriſon. This was the laſt Expedition of the Campaign in 1712.

Some time after the *Engliſh* Troops had taken Poſſeſſion of *Dunkirk*, Mrs. *Davies* applied to the Duke of *Ormond* for a Paſs to *England*; which he not only ſign'd, but generouſly order'd her Money enough to defray her Charges. She left *Ghent*, and went by Water to *Dunkirk*, where ſhe was kindly receiv'd by the Regiment ſhe had belong'd to, which was garriſon'd in that Town. Being oblig'd to wait here ſome time for the Arrival of the Pacquet-Boat, ſhe went to pay her Reſpects to the Governor, General *Hill*, to have her Paſs ſign'd. He was then very ill and confin'd to his Bed; but however ſign'd it, and ſent her two Piſtoles, with a handſome Compliment; directing Orders to be given to the Commander of the Pacquet, to reſpect her as an Officer's Widow. During her Stay here, ſhe was going to viſit Colonel *Ingram*, and accidentally meeting him by the Way, told him her Deſign to foul a Plate with him. *I ſhould be glad*, ſaid he, *if you would defer the Favour to another Day, as a Set of Officers are invited to dine with Brigadier* Durel, *and 'tis probable that beſide a better Dinner, you may get wherewithal to defray your Charges to*

England.

England. She thank'd him for the Hint, and took his Advice, but they had din'd before ſhe got thither. Brigadier *Durel* ſeeing her Diſappointment by her Looks, aſk'd her if ſhe would take up with a Morſel at the Servants Table. *O' my Conſcience*, ſays Mrs. *Davies*, *you have ſhewn the Height of good Breeding, to ſit down before I came, for I don't ſuppoſe but* Ingram *acquainted the Company that I intended them the Honour of mine; however, my Pride ſhall never defraud my Belly, and I don't know but your Servants may be the politer Company of the two; for had they known, as you did, that a Perſon of my Diſtinction would condeſcend to grace their Table, they would have had the good Manners to wait my coming.* Having thus gravely deliver'd herſelf, ſhe went to Dinner, and after eating heartily, return'd to take a chearful Bottle with the Company. One of them was in a fine laced Sute of Cloaths, whereof he took more than ordinary Care; which raiſed a Deſire in the reſt to have them ſpoil'd. To this end they plied him well with Wine, and never let the Bottle reſt, in hopes he would ſpill ſome upon his Cloaths; but his Care of them increaſed as he grew drunk, and they were diſappointed of their Aim: This made them propoſe the Miſchief to Mrs. *Davies*, who lov'd a little Roguery as well as the beſt of them. She pretended ſhe could not finiſh her Bottle; and all the Company, except the Gentleman in the fine Cloaths, ſeem'd willing to excuſe her; but he ſwore ſhe ſhould take the Glaſs in her turn. The more Reluctance ſhe ſhew'd, the more he inſiſted upon Mrs. *Davies*'s pledging him every time

time the Glaſs came round. She endeavour'd to excuſe herſelf, expreſſing her Fear of becoming offenſive to the Company. All Arguments were vain, drink ſhe muſt, and drink ſhe did, till at laſt opening her Flood-gates, ſhe pour'd a Torrent of undigeſted Wine upon one Side of his glittering Cloaths. A pallid Ire now o'erſpread his Cheeks, and Indignation ſparkled in his Eyes, while fœtid Fumes ariſing from the Flood, forced him to ſtrip, and at a Diſtance hurl the now polluted Robe. But to quit theſe Heroicks, he did all he could to conceal his Anger, as he thought it entirely his own Fault, for he had not the leaſt Notion of his Misfortune being deſign'd. Mrs. *Davies* pretended to be very ſick and fuddled, and was for taking her Leave, but the Gentlemen would not part with her, till they had contributed to the Charges of her Voyage, giving her two Crowns apiece.

Soon after this ſhe embark'd for *England*, and a few Days after her Arrival waited on the Duke of *Marlborough*, in order to get ſome Proviſion made for her, in conſideration of her own Actions and the Loſs of two Huſbands in her Majeſty's Service. The Duke gave her a very kind Reception, and expreſs'd his Concern that he could not ſerve her; giving her a gentle Reprimand for not coming to *England* when he ſent for her, and had it in his Power. This the Duke had done before he reſign'd his Command, which we forgot to mention in its proper Place. His Grace, when ſhe took leave, gave her a Guinea, and honour'd her with his good Wiſhes. In hopes of better

Succeſs,

Succeſs, ſhe reſolved to apply to the Duke of *Argyle*, who was ſtill in the Enjoyment of his Sovereign's Favour. Accordingly, the next Day ſhe ſet out for his Grace's Houſe, but met him in his Chair. The Duke ſpied her firſt, and aſking a Footman of his, to whom ſhe was perfectly well known, whether that was not Mother *Roſs*? being anſwer'd in the Affirmative, ſtopp'd his Chair. After having aſk'd her ſeveral Queſtions, the Duke gave her a Guinea, and bad her go to his Houſe and wait his Return, ſaying he would conſider how ſomething might be done to provide for her. She went accordingly, and was ſhewn into the Houſekeeper's Room, who went up to her Lady, and told her who was in the Houſe. Her Grace, having heard Mother *Roſs*'s Character from her Lord, ſent for her to her Apartment, made her ſit down, breakfaſt with her, and tell the Story of her Adventures; which ſhe did in as conciſe a manner as ſhe could, and her Grace ſeem'd very well pleaſed; particularly when ſhe related the Duke's Eſcape at *Rouſſelaer*; telling her, that for the Advice ſhe gave her Lord of the Enemy's Approach, ſhe ſhould always eſteem her, and do her any Service ſhe was able. Indeed her Grace kept her Word, for ſhe heap'd many Favours on her; which we mention to her Honour, as they were ſo many Proofs of her conjugal Affection to her Lord. After Mrs. *Davies* had finiſh'd her Story, the Ducheſs made her a Preſent of a Guinea and a half, enjoining her Silence, leſt it might prevent her Lord's Bounty. By this time the Duke came in, and was very merry with

with his Lady on her admitting a Dragoon into her Bedchamber. When Dinner was ready, the Duke would have ſeated his Viſiter at his Table; but as there was Company, ſhe prevail'd upon him to permit her to dine at a ſecond; from whence my Lord ſent for her when the Meal was over, and kept her with the Company till Evening. The Ducheſs ſeeing her under ſome Reſtraint, and at a Loſs how to behave before a Perſon of her Character and Quality, made her a handſome Compliment, ſaluted her, and withdrew; deſiring to ſee her often, that they might be better acquainted. This gave her an Opportunity to talk over their Adventures with Freedom; which they did the more agreeably, as two of the Duke's Aids-de-Camp were of the Company. When it grew dark Mrs. *Davies* took her Leave, and the Duke gave her another Guinea, ordering her to get a Petition drawn up for the Queen, to carry it to the Duke of *Hamilton*, and he himſelf would back it. The two Aids-de-Camp made her a Preſent of three Crowns each.

According to the Duke's Advice, ſhe got a Petition drawn up, repreſenting, that ſhe had ſerv'd twelve Years in the Earl of *Orkney*'s Regiment as a Man, that ſhe had receiv'd ſeveral Wounds, and loſt two Huſbands in the Service. With this ſhe waited on Duke *Hamilton*, who at firſt made ſome Scruple, as if ſhe was an Impoſtor: But Mrs. *Davies* appealing to any Officer in the Army for the Truth of what ſhe ſaid, the Duke went into a Parlour, where, as it afterwards appear'd, he had two Officers belonging to the Regiment wherein Mrs. *Davies* had

had ſerv'd. They confirm'd all ſhe had advanced in her Petition; upon which the Duke gave her a Crown to get a new Petition drawn up to preſent herſelf to the Queen next Morning, he intending to preſent the other that Night. She thank'd his Grace, and was very punctual in following his Directions. Having got a Petition finely written out, ſhe dreſs'd herſelf next Day the beſt ſhe could, and went to Court. She placed herſelf at the Bottom of the great Stairs, where ſhe had not waited long before her Majeſty came down, ſupported by the Duke of *Argyle*. Upon this, ſhe fell on her Right Knee, as ſhe had been inſtructed to do, and deliver'd her Petition, which the Queen receiv'd with a Smile, help'd her up, and promiſed to provide for her; and perceiving her with Child, added, *If you are deliver'd of a Boy, I will give him a Commiſſion as ſoon as he is born:* But to her Sorrow it prov'd a Girl, who afterwards cauſed her great Trouble and Vexation. Her Majeſty was farther pleaſed to give her an Order to the Earl of *Oxford* for fifty Pounds to defray the Charge of her Lying-in. Mrs. *Davies* frequently waited on that noble Lord, but to no purpoſe; which having humbly repreſented to the Queen, ſhe gave her a ſecond Order to Sir *William Wyndham*, who readily paid the Money.

Some time after ſhe was brought to Bed, Lord *Forreſter* order'd her to be at the *King's-Arms* in *Pall-Mall*, where he was to dine with ſome other Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Army, deſigning to make a Collection for her immediate Support. She was punctual to the Time

Time his Lordſhip had appointed; but none of the Company being yet come, ſhe waited at the Door with her Child in her Arms. In the mean time a Soldier, who had ſerv'd Abroad, ſeeing her, and concluding her to be a lewd Woman, began to treat her as ſuch with Oaths and ill Language, concluding his Salutation with a Blow acroſs her Breaſts with his Stick. The Language itſelf was ſufficiently provoking, but the Blow enraged her to ſuch a Degree, that not conſidering the Child ſhe had in one Arm, ſhe flew upon him, and began to belabour him with the other. A Drawer, who ſaw the Diſadvantage ſhe was under, took the Child from her; when, having both Hands at Liberty, ſhe beat her Aggreſſor in ſuch a manner, that he cried for Quarter, begg'd Pardon moſt ſubmiſſively, and promiſed to ſhew her the greateſt Reſpect for the future. This Inſult, and the conſequential Battle, prov'd very lucky for Mrs. *Davies*; for it happen'd as the Quality were returning from Court, who ſtopp'd their Chariots to be Spectators of the Fray, in which ſhe receiv'd neither Hurt nor Loſs, but that of tearing her Sarſenet Hood; which however was amply repaired by Money thrown by Lord *Hervey* and the Marquis of *Wincheſter* out of the Tavern Window, and a Collection amongſt others of the Nobility, which amounted to upwards of nine Pounds, beſides a large Quantity of untouch'd Proviſions from the Tables of ſuch Quality as din'd at the *King's-Arms* that Day.

A few Days after this, as ſhe was ſauntering in the *Court of Requeſts*, ſhe met with two of her

her Countrywomen who ſold Fruit, *&c.* One of them, a ſingle Woman, named *Judith*, was her Acquaintance in *Ireland*; the other, whoſe Name was *Mary*, had two Huſbands, one living in *Ireland*, and one in *Drury-Lane*. This latter, as two of a Trade can never agree, took it into her Head to reflect on the Reputation of the former, who, good-natur'd Girl, always traded on her own Bottom; whereas the other not only dealt on her own Stock, but got Money alſo by other Folks Wares. As Mrs. *Davies* was then talking with *Judith*, ſhe reſented this Impertinence of *Mary*, by giving her School-Diſcipline in a publick Manner, which afforded no ſmall Diverſion to the Spectators, eſpecially the Gentlemen of the Livery.

One *Saturday* Morning, the 15th of *November* 1712, as Mrs. *Davies* was going through *Hyde-Park*, ſhe ſaw four Gentlemen jump over the Ditch into the Nurſery, which made her ſuſpect a Duel, and haſten towards them to endeavour to prevent it. However, ſhe could not get time enough; for they all four drew and engag'd, two and two, with great Animoſity. One was Colonel *Hamilton*, who inſtantly cloſed in and diſarm'd his Antagoniſt, General *Maccartney*; and at the ſame time the other two fell, the one upon the other. Theſe were Lord *Mohun* and the Duke of *Hamilton*; the former of whom fell dead upon the Spot, and the latter expired ſoon after. Colonel *Hamilton* was wounded in the Inſtep; and *Maccartney*, as ſome Keepers came up, walk'd off, and was not taken, though a conſiderable Reward was offer'd for apprehending him. Had Mrs.

Mrs. *Davies* been examin'd as a Witneſs in this Affair, her Affidavit might poſſibly have left no Doubt; but it was very happy for her that ſhe was not thought of, as her Evidence would in all Probability have offended the Friends of the deceaſed Lords, whoſe Charity ſhe had often experienc'd. For a fuller Account of this Affair, we refer our Readers to the Hiſtory of thoſe Times.

It was not long after this, that, inſtigated by a ſtrong Deſire of ſeeing her Friends and native Country, which ſhe had not viſited for ſome Years, Mrs. *Davies* wrote to her Mother to let her know ſhe would be in *Dublin* in a ſhort time, and indeed got there before her, who, though upwards of a hundred Years of Age, travell'd ten Miles on Foot to give her the Meeting. The poor old Woman, who had long given her over for dead, having in ſo many Years heard nothing of her, wept for Joy, and in ſuch an exceſſive Manner when ſhe embraced her, that her Daughter could not refrain mingling her Tears with thoſe of her Mother. Upon Enquiry after her Children, ſhe learnt that the elder of them died at the Age of eighteen, and that the younger was in the Work-houſe. The Nurſe, with whom, at her Departure, ſhe had left the beſt of her Goods together with her Child, ſoon threw him upon the Pariſh. Indeed, but one of thoſe with whom ſhe had intruſted her Effects, was honeſt enough to give any Account of them, and that was Mr. *Howell*, Father to the Perſon who ruin'd her virgin Innocence: All the others, like the Nurſe, converted the Goods to their own

Uſe;

Uſe, and look'd upon her as an unreaſonable Woman to expect a Return. Her Misfortune was, that the honeſt Man had but few, and thoſe the worſt of her Goods, which he kept ſafe and reſtor'd juſtly. She was equally unfortunate with regard to her Houſe; for the Perſon dying whom ſhe left in it, one *Bennet* claim'd it as his Freehold, and having got Poſſeſſion of it Mrs. *Davies* could not eject him, nor conteſt his Title, her Writings being loſt or deſtroy'd. And indeed not having Money ſufficient to carry on a Law-Suit, without which it is in vain to expect Juſtice, ſhe was compell'd to ſit down with the Loſs, and think on ſome Method to get an honeſt Living. As ſhe had before kept a Publick Houſe, ſhe could think on nothing better than the ſame way of Life, and accordingly took one, put in a Stock of Beer, and with the Help of making Pies got a comfortable Support, till ſhe was again entangled in Marriage with a Soldier named *Davies*. He had ſerv'd in the firſt Regiment of Foot-Guards in the *Low-Countries*, but on the Concluſion of the Peace, was, at his own Requeſt, diſcharged from the Service. His Father dying during his Abience, and leaving him a ſmall Patrimony, he left *Flanders* and went to his Brother, who liv'd near *Cheſter*, to take Poſſeſſion of the Proviſion his Father had made for him; but his Brother, who had laid hold of it, and knew he was not in Circumſtances to compel him to do Juſtice, made a Jeſt of his Pretenſions, and kept all to himſelf. This unexpected Diſappointment oblig'd him once more to take to a military Life, and coming over to

Dublin, he was enroll'd in the *Welch* Fuzileers. After her Marriage, Mrs. *Davies* continued on her publick Buſineſs, till her Huſband's Regiment was order'd to *Hereford*, in the firſt Year of King *George* I. when a weak Effort was made in favour of the Pretender. Having made a ſhort Stay in *Dublin* to diſpoſe of her Effects, ſhe got a Paſs, and follow'd her Huſband to *Hereford*; from whence ſhe went to *Glouceſter*, deſigning to go and ſettle at *London*. On her Journey ſhe met Colonel *Floyer* at *Colnbrook*, ſupp'd with him, and the next Day arriv'd at that City. While ſhe was travelling to Town, her Huſband was on his March to *Preſton*, where the Rebels were aſſembled.

Her late Majeſty, beſide her Bounty of fifty Pounds, had order'd Mrs. *Davies* a Shilling a Day Subſiſtance for Life; which the Lord Treaſurer *Oxford*, without the Queen's Knowledge, reduced to Five-pence. The Miniſtry being now changed, ſhe flatter'd herſelf that ſhe ſhould have Juſtice done her, and be reſtor'd to the full Allowance of a Shilling: With theſe Hopes ſhe addreſs'd herſelf to Mr. *Craggs*, who produced the Warrant, and got the King's Order for her receiving the Shilling as intended by Queen *Anne*, which ſhe enjoy'd ever after.

By the time the *Preſton* Rebellion was quell'd, Mrs. *Davies* had ſettled in a Houſe in the *Willow-Walk*, *Tothill-Fields*, *Weſtminſter*; where ſhe made Farthing Pies, and ſold ſtrong Liquors, with ſuch Succeſs that ſhe was ſoon able to purchaſe her Huſband's Diſcharge; but the Money was thrown away, for ſoon after, being in Drink, he inliſted in the Guards.

One

One Night, after her Huſband was in Bed, and herſelf in a manner undreſs'd, ſome frolickſome Sparks took it into their Heads to tear up the pitching Place which ſhe had made for Porters to reſt their Burdens upon, and to throw that and the Board on which ſhe expoſed her Pies into the Ditch. She ran down Stairs, follow'd by her Huſband and a Lodger, all three almoſt naked, to ſtop the Career of theſe miſchievous Gentlemen. The firſt Mrs. *Davies* laid hold on, ſhe gave ſuch a hearty Drubbing, that he was glad to cry Quarter, give them a Treat, and promiſe to make good the Damage they had done.

The Houſe ſhe liv'd in, and two adjoining, ſhe rented at eight Pounds a Year. Theſe ſhe repair'd, and bought the Willows before them of a former Tenant, by whom they had been planted. Her Landlord notwithſtanding, being in want of Money, let theſe Tenements to a Bailiff on a long Leaſe, for the ſake of a Fine, without giving Mrs. *Davies* the leaſt Intimation of it. The Bailiff ſoon acquainted her, that for the future ſhe was to pay the Rent to him, and muſt agree to raiſe it next Quarter, or provide herſelf elſewhere. She uſed all her Rhetorick to divert him from this Cruelty; but finding he had no Compaſſion, ſhe changed her Dialect, and treated him with all the opprobrious Terms imaginable; for, to ſay the Truth, no one was a greater Proficient in the Language of *Billingſgate* than Mrs. *Davies*.

The next Day her new Landlord brought a Carpenter with him to lop the Trees. She, foreſeeing this would be the Ground of a Quar-

rel, ſecured her Huſband, that he might not have an Aſſault ſworn againſt him, and went out herſelf with a Reſolution, if poſſible, to provoke the Bailiff to ſtrike her firſt, and in ſuch Caſe to belabour him to ſome purpoſe. The Carpenter was got into a Tree, and the Bailiff ſtood below to ſecure the Branches as they fell. Mrs. *Davies* forced them from him, and upon his aſking the Reaſon, told him the Trees were her Property, as ſhe had bought and paid for them. He replied, the Perſon who ſold them was a Rogue; and Mrs. *Davies* in return giving him ſome irritating Language, he endeavour'd to wreſt a Branch out of her Hand but finding he ſtruggled in vain, he gave her a Blow. This was the firſt ſhe ever receiv'd with Pleaſure, as it afforded her an Opportunity of drubbing the Raſcal with Impunity; which indeed ſhe did unmercifully, being far ſuperior to him in Strength. The Carpenter, ſeeing his Comrade ſo roughly handled, came down to his Aſſiſtance, and, endeavouring to take her off him, tore her Head-cloths. This ſo enraged her, that ſhe left the Bailiff, who took that Opportunity to make a precipitate Retreat, and having ſeiz'd the Carpenter, ſtruck up his Heels, and fell upon him with her Knee in his Stomach; then let him riſe, knock'd him down again, and in ſhort beat him till ſhe was quite weary; ſo that at laſt he got clear of her, and follow'd the Example of the Bailiff.

About this Time there was a Camp in *Hyde Park*, where Mrs. *Davies* kept a Sutler's Tent. Lord *Cadogan*, when the King came to review the

the Forces, treated his Majeſty and the Prince with a great many of the Nobility, and ſent for Mrs. *Davies* to ſtand Centinel at the Tent-Door; but having nobody ſhe could truſt with her Buſineſs, her Huſband being to perform Exerciſe in the Foot Guards, ſhe could not do that Duty. She reſolved however, at all Events, to ſee the King; but finding ſeveral General Officers in a Tent joining to that in which his Majeſty din'd, ſhe ſtepp'd in to them without deſign of ſtaying; where they plied her ſo well with ſtrong-bodied Wines, that ſhe had almoſt forgot what ſhe came about. After they had given her a Shilling apiece for a Kiſs, ſhe went to ſee the King; but having delay'd it ſo long, his Majeſty was juſt going into his Coach. She got ſo near however that he perceiv'd her, and ſaid, *he thought to have ſeen the old Dragoon ſooner*; and then drove off, leaving her diſappointed in her Expectations. To make ſome amends for this, it came in her Head that the Nobility who attended on his Majeſty were entertain'd in an adjoining Tent. She went thither immediately, and acquainted them that ſhe had loſt ſeveral Pounds in the Camp by ſcoring their Followers, and hop'd they would take it into Conſideration. They contributed a Guinea apiece, which was a great and ſeaſonable Relief; for the Fatigue of Cooking, and the Effect which the Loſs of her Money, truſted in the Camp, had on her Mind, threw her into a Tertian Ague, which compell'd her to leave the Camp the following Day. It would have been the higheſt Folly to have expected any Aſſiſtance from her Huſband, who always ſpent

more than he got; and who, the Day after ſhe left the Camp, ſold her Tent and every thing in it for forty Shillings, though the Tent alone coſt fifty, and ſquander'd away every Penny of the Money.

Whilſt Mrs. *Davies* was indiſpoſed with an Ague, ſhe heard of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Death, to whoſe Goodneſs ſhe was greatly indebted. This afflicting News increaſed her Illneſs; but being well enough to go abroad at the Time of the Duke's Funeral, ſhe placed herſelf by her Huſband, and march'd in the Proceſſion, with a very heavy Heart and ſtreaming Eyes. The Ceremony being over, ſhe left the Regiment in the Camp, and return'd to her Houſe.

When ſhe was thoroughly recover'd, unwilling to be troubled any longer with her new Landlord the Bailiff, ſhe ſettled at *Wandſor*; where ſhe liv'd a private Life, ſupported by the Munificence of the Nobility and Gentry; which however was not half ſo conſiderable as formerly, a great many of her Benefactors being dead, and others, for different Reaſons, having withdrawn their Charity.

Mrs. *Davies* having ſpent a whole Year at *Wandſor*, and growing tir'd of ſo inactive a Life, reſolv'd once more to get into Buſineſs. She accordingly remov'd to *Paddington*, took a Publick-Houſe, and behav'd ſo well that her Cuſtomers daily increaſed. Here, as elſewhere, ſhe continued her Viſits to ſuch as honour'd her with their Protection, and to whoſe generous Contributions ſhe chiefly ow'd her Support ever ſince her Arrival from *Flanders*.

Among

Among the reſt of her Benefactors, there was a noble Lady who one Day gave her a Hoop-Petticoat, a Machine ſhe knew not how to manage, having never had one on in her Life. However, as it came at ſo eaſy a rate, ſhe reſolved to make a Show, and the firſt time ſhe went abroad, put on her Hoop. She could not help ſmiling at the odd Figure ſhe made; but her Finery, which at her firſt ſetting out was the Subject of her Mirth, occaſion'd her, before ſhe return'd, both Pain and Confuſion. Being in a Street where the Foot-path was narrow, ſhe thruſt againſt a Poſt, which made the other Side of her Hoop fly up. Imagining it was ſome rude Fellow thruſting his Hands up her Coats, and thinking ſlily to be reveng'd on him, ſhe threw her Stick back without looking behind her, and gave herſelf ſuch a Blow that ſhe could not help crying out. She turn'd about, but nobody appear'd, except ſome Apprentices, who laugh'd heartily at her Roaring, and her aukward Management of her Hoop. On this ſhe walk'd off, vex'd and aſham'd at becoming the Sport of Boys, and curſing the Hoop and its Inventor.

Soon after this ſhe was ſent for by ſome Perſons of Quality and Diſtinction, who for their Diverſion had invited Sir *James Baker*, called by them Lord *Lateran*, to the *Thatch'd-Houſe* to Dinner; to which however they ſat down without his Lordſhip, and ordering a Couple of Ducks, ſome Beef-Stakes, and Soop to be ſet by for him, went into another Room, whither Mrs. *Davies* was conducted and taught her Leſſon.

This Lord *Lateran* was a Perſon with whoſe Simplicity ſeveral of the Quality diverted themſelves; he was by ſome eſteem'd a Fool, others thought him mad, and others again believ'd he wore a Maſk, and rather ſuffer'd himſelf to be laugh'd at and made the Jeſt of the Company, than go without a Dinner.

Soon after the Quality, with whom the mock Lord was to have din'd, were withdrawn, his Lordſhip came in, and highly reſented their not ſtaying for him. The Drawer endeavour'd to appeaſe him by a Detail of what was ſet by for his Lordſhip. Hearing there was Soop, of which he was a great Lover and an immoderate Eater, he was ſomewhat pacified, order'd it in, and fell to very heartily, a Waiter attending his farther Orders. By the Time he was ſeated Mrs. *Davies* went up, and knock'd at the Door; the Servant, who had his Inſtructions, opening it, ſhe aſk'd if Sir *James Baker* was there? *Madam*, ſaid the Waiter, *I know no ſuch Perſon; here is no body here but my Lord* Lateran. In the Interim, the Deviſers of this Plot on the poor Lord ſlipp'd in, and conceal'd themſelves behind a Skreen that was between him and the Door.

The Fellow naming Lord *Lateran*, Mrs. *Davies* anſwer'd, *he was the very Perſon after whom ſhe enquir'd*; went abruptly into the Room, and ſeated herſelf oppoſite to him. His Lordſhip having recover'd from the Surprize into which her Freedom had thrown him, aſk'd what was her Buſineſs, deſiring her to be expeditious, as he was but juſt ſat down to Dinner. *My Dear*, ſaid Mrs. *Davies*, *I do not deſign to interrupt you, as*

as I came on purpoſe to dine with you; though this pretended Ignorance of me cauſes both my Grief and Aſtoniſhment, ſince you cannot but know, that I had more Regard to your Solicitations than to my own Intereſt, having entirely diſobliged all my Friends by becoming your Wife. Wife! Wife! cried my Lord in amaze, *Why, Woman, I never was married. Is it poſſible, my Lord,* replied Mrs. *Davies, a Man of your Quality and good Senſe can bring a Blemiſh on his Honour, by denying what he is conſcious can be ſo eaſily proved? It is happy for me and my two Babies, that I have three Witneſſes of our Marriage, or I find you would ruin my Character and baſtardize your poor innocent Children. Children too!* cries my Lord: *Very fine truly, I have a Wife and two Children without knowing any thing of the matter! Lookye, my Lord,* ſays Mrs. *Davies, I am not a Woman to be trifled with; your ſimple Denial will avail you nothing againſt the Oaths of three creditable Witneſſes; though it has given me ſuch a Contempt for your Perſon, that I can part with you and not break my Heart; but I expect you will immediately furniſh me with Money for my own and your Children's Support.—Why, thou thorough-paced Impoſtor,* replies his Lordſhip, *thou notorious abominable Lyar—Go on, my Lord,* ſays his pretended Spouſe, *Money I muſt and will have; this mean foul Language does not affect me or make me leſs your Wife.—So I find,* ſays he, *you will ſwear I am married, to extort Money from me.* His Lordſhip then turning to the Drawer, who, though an Actor in the Farce, kept his Countenance, deſir'd he would hand the Gentlewoman down Stairs, and ſet his Foot

in

in her Br—ch. The Fellow, prompted from behind the Skreen, anſwer'd, that he durſt not part Man and Wife, as he did not know how dangerous it might be with regard to the Law. *Why*, ſays my Lord, *do you think ſhe is really my Wife? I ſolemnly proteſt I was never married to her. I cannot tell that*, replied the other; *ſhe avers, and you deny it; ſhe has Witneſſes to prove it upon Oath, let her Evidence appear. There is no Occaſion for that*, anſwer'd Lord *Lateran; this is ſome old Jade who can no longer get Money by Whoring, and would now extort it by ſwearing a ſham Marriage upon me: I don't queſtion her being prepared with falſe Witneſſes. Come my dear Lord*, ſaid Mrs. *Davies, fall to your Soop, and after Dinner I will give you inconteſtable Proof of our Marriage.* As his Lordſhip was pretty ſharp ſet, he took the Advice, and fell to it very heartily. When he had finiſh'd his Soop, Mrs. *Davies* bid the Waiter bring her a Plate, a Knife, and a Fork. *Why ſure*, ſaid my Lord, *you don't intend to dine with me? Indeed but I do*, anſwers Mrs. *Davies, and bed with you too: Do you think I married to have only the bare Name of a Wife? Prithee Woman, be quiet*, replies my Lord; *I proteſt, if I had my Sword here, I would run you through the Body.* He ſpoke this with ſuch an Emotion, that he ſet the Audience upon the Titter, and had like to have diſcover'd all. The Stakes and Ducks being ſet upon the Table, ſhe deſir'd he would help her; but he was now grown ſullen, and would not ſpeak a Word; ſo that, without Ceremony, ſhe help'd herſelf. Having din'd, Mrs. *Davies* told him ſhe would now take her Leave,

Leave, in hopes of finding him in a better Temper another time, but intreated one Kiſs at parting; which he ſcornfully refuſed, crying, *No, no, Woman, I kiſs you! Kiſs the Devil's Dam.—I will have a Kiſs before I go*, ſays ſhe, and getting up made towards him. He endeavour'd to avoid her; but after chaſing him about the Room, ſhe caught him round the Neck and kiſs'd him, in ſpite of his Reſiſtance. This threw him into ſuch a Paſſion, that he would have run out of the Room immediately; but Mrs. *Davies* held him till the Company behind the Skreen had Time to get off. Then letting him go, he ran down Stairs, threatening the Maſter of the Houſe to ruin him for ſuffering ſuch an inſolent Jade to affront a Man of his Quality.

The Company, who ſet Mrs. *Davies* to play this Game, were highly diverted with the Performance; but 'tis probable the mock Lord ſmoak'd the Affair, and was as little angry as his pretended Wife was fond: For he eat heartily, and could not but hear thoſe behind the Skreen titter, and alſo go out of the Room; but it was his Intereſt not to diſcover them. In ſhort, they laugh'd at my Lord, and my Lord, if the Truth was known, laugh'd at them.

While Mrs. *Davies* liv'd at *Paddington*, thro' the Application of ſome Friends ſhe procur'd her Huſband's Diſcharge from the Foot-Guards; but this argued a want of Foreſight, for he falling into his former Extravagancies, was ſo far from being of any Service to her in her Buſineſs, as he might have been, that ſhe was obliged to throw up her Houſe and Shop, ſell

off

off her Goods, and procure a Paſs from Lord *C—t* for *Ireland*. Returning from that Nobleman's Houſe, ſhe paſs'd by that of Lord *S—x*. Two of his Footmen, who were at the Door, ſtopp'd her, and the Gentleman ran to tell his Lord who was below. Upon the Gentleman's Return, he told her that his Lord wanted her to teaze Sir *James Baker*, who was at Dinner there with a great deal of other Company. Glad of the Opportunity, Mrs. *Davies* follow'd the Gentleman up Stairs, who pointed to a Room, and made Signs for her to go in. Her Entrance ſurpriz'd ſeveral of the Company who were Strangers to the Story of the *Thatch'd Houſe*, and eſpecially when they ſaw Lord *S—x* ſmile upon her. She put on a ſeeming Confuſion, and begg'd Pardon for being ſo unmannerly as to intrude into a ſtrange Company in a Nobleman's Houſe, but hoped they would think her rather an Object of their Compaſſion than Reſentment, when they knew that it was the Unkindneſs of a Huſband, for whom ſhe had the tendereſt Affection, forced her to take that Step. *My Lord*, ſaid ſhe, *my Name is* Baker, *and as I heard Sir* James Baker *is in this Company, I have taken the Liberty to enquire after my Huſband. Madam*, replied my Lord, *there is no ſuch Perſon here; poſſibly you mean Lord* Lateran; *if it is that noble Lord you ſeek, he is at Table.* The Moment Sir *James* heard her name him, he turn'd his Head, and in a violent Paſſion vented himſelf in theſe or the like Words: *Thou wicked, vile, baſe, infamous Woman, why do'ſt thus haunt me? How*, ſaid my Lord *S—x*, *by this Language ſhe cannot be*

your

your Lady, for Lord Lateran *has too much Honour to treat a Wife with ſuch harſh Language.* Then turning to Mrs. *Davies*, as if he was entirely a Stranger to her, he continued, *Woman, look to what you are about; Men of Quality are not to be inſulted with Impunity; you muſt not think to impoſe on that noble Lord; you call yourſelf his Wife; if you do not prove it, I have a good Pump in my Yard to revenge the Inſult on that noble Perſon, and may perhaps cure you of your vile Practice.* Having deſir'd his Lordſhip to give her leave to ſpeak, and to judge impartially, ſhe proceeded: *My Lords, my ſimple Aſſertion, I am ſenſible, would little avail me; but I have living Witneſſes of the Truth of what I have advanced; Witneſſes, my Lord, who were preſent when the Prieſt perform'd the Ceremony of our Marriage; beſides two Sons, the Fruits of it, enregiſter'd in his Name, and long acknowledged his Children by himſelf. It is true, that ten Years ſince he left me, without any juſt Matter of Complaint; for I defy the World, cenſorious as it is, to caſt the leaſt Reflection on my Honour; my Enemies allow me to be a Woman of inſuperable Virtue.*—*Oh the vile Strumpet,* cried Sir *James.*—*Let her proceed,* ſaid Lord *S—x, ſhe ſpeaks with an Air of Truth, and your Paſſion makes me fear there is ſome Jealouſy at the bottom of this Affair.*—*Upon my Honour,* ſaid Sir *James, I never ſaw her but once before, except in the Streets, and then ſhe pinn'd herſelf upon me at the* Thatch'd Houſe. *Let her go on,* replied Lord *S—x.*—*I am to this Day,* continued Mrs. *Davies, ignorant of the Reaſon why he left me, which I muſt own greatly afflicted me;*

for

for he was a very fond Husband for the Space of three Years that we liv'd happily together. Not three Minutes, my Lord, on my Honour, cried Sir *James*. *Your Lordship*, continued Mrs. *Davies, cannot suppose that I have my Witnesses always with me; wherefore, my Lord, I put it upon this Issue for the present, let him take his Oath that I am not his Wife; he dares not do it.* Lord *S—x* said, that would be descending below his Dignity. *Well my Lord*, said she, *since he is now a Man of Quality, I am loth to expose him in a publick Court, and am ready to forget what is past, if he will return with me to his own House. My dear Lord* Lateran, *you know how you have wrong'd me, but I will never mention the Injury, all shall be buried in Oblivion, and will seal this Promise with a virtuous Kiss.* She was going to take him round the Neck, when he leap'd over the Table, broke the Glasses, ran down Stairs, threatening to kill any one who should endeavour to stop him, and behav'd in all respect like a Madman. When the Laugh was over, which made some of the Company hold their Sides, and others wipe their Eyes, Lord *S—x* order'd Mrs. *Davies* to sit down, take a Glass, and give the Company her History; which she did as succinctly as possible, after which every one at Table made her a Present of five Shillings, and my Lord gave her a Bottle of Wine to take home.

Soon after this, having made Money of her Goods, Mrs. *Davies* left *Paddington*, and went to *Charles-Street, Westminster*. Here having an Order from the Governors of *Chelsea-College* to appear at the Board, as all do at a certain time who

who receive Penſions as Invalids, ſhe went and made her Appearance. In returning home ſhe fell in with two Penſioners, who had been on the ſame Errand; and one of them, who was an intimate Acquaintance, ſtopt her to enquire after her Health. His Companion took an Opportunity from the Difference of their Penſions to abuſe her, as not deſerving what ſhe enjoy'd, having never done any thing for the Government. Nettled at this Treatment, ſhe made a Compariſon between her Service and his, greatly to her own Advantage, and concluded with calling him a Faggot and a cowardly Dog. Stung with this Appellation, he was reſolv'd to ſhew his Bravery, drew, and made a Thruſt at Mrs. *Davies*, who had no other Weapon than her Stick, with which ſhe put by his Paſs, cloſed in with him, wrench'd the Sword out of his Hand, threw it over the Bank, fell upon him with her oaken Plant, and broke his Head in two Places. Two Gentlemen, Spectators of the Fray, offer'd her a ten Shilling Treat, but her Buſineſs would not permit her to accept it.

Mrs. *Davies* now waited about Court, that ſhe might be in the way of her Benefactors; whoſe Generoſity at laſt enabled her to return and ſettle in her native Country. She ſet out from *London* in the *Weſt-Cheſter* Waggon (with ſeven or eight more of her own Sex) for her Purſe would not afford her a Coach. The Women were all good merry Company, and they paſs'd their Time pleaſantly enough in telling Stories, *&c.* When Mrs. *Davies* had ended the Hiſtory of her Adventures, not one would give

give Credit to it; till at *Daventry* meeting with an old Soldier, whom ſhe had formerly known in *Flanders*, he confirm'd all that had been told them. They were then more pleaſed with her Converſation than before, and came to an Agreement, as ſhe had formerly paſs'd for a Man, to conſider her ſtill as one; merrily ſaying, that as ſuch they would treat her the reſt of their Journey to *Cheſter*, according to the Cuſtom, when there is but a ſingle Man in Company to ſeveral Women. She readily agreed to their Propoſal, telling them at the ſame time, if ſhe was in reality a Man, ſhe would chuſe a freſh Bedfellow every Night, till ſhe had enjoy'd them all round. They were very merry on this Topick till they came within two Miles of *Coventry*; when a Highwayman well mounted order'd the Waggoner to ſtop that Moment, or he was a dead Man. The Fellow was frighten'd, and obey'd the Command. When the Horſes ſtood ſtill, the Highwayman came to the Paſſengers, preſented a Piſtol, and in a haſty Tone demanded their Money. The Women fell a ſqualling, as uſual upon any ſudden Fright; but Mrs. *Davies*, without the leaſt Fear or Concern, adviſed him to put up his Piſtol, and not frighten the Women, telling him, *They'll give you what they can ſpare immediately. What they can ſpare!* replied the Highwayman; *damn you, I'll have all, and this Moment too.* While the Women were rummaging their Pockets, Mrs. *Davies* obſerv'd the Highwayman had a Brace of Piſtols in a Belt round his Waiſt, which ſhe did not perceive at firſt, as they were cover'd with his Great-Coat. She watch'd the Opportunity,

tunity, and while he was ſtooping forward with his Hat to receive his Contributions, ſhe ſnatch'd a Piſtol from his Girdle, cock'd it, and ſhot him into the Breaſt, and with a vigorous Blow of the Butt of the Piſtol, fetch'd him off his Horſe upon the Ground, where he expir'd immediately. All this was done ſo quick, that the Waggoner and the Women could not believe their Eyes for ſome time, till they ſaw Mrs. *Davies* jump out, and like an old Campaigner ſeize his Horſe, and begin to rifle his Pockets; but finding nothing but Bullets and a ſmall Horn of Powder, ſhe was diſappointed of her Booty: However, when they came to *Coventry*, the Mayor of the Town gave her his Horſe and Accoutrements, which ſhe ſold for eleven Guineas. She received the Thanks of the whole City for ridding them of this troubleſome Infeſter of the Road, who made the Entrance of the Town dangerous to Travellers. The Inn where they put up was crowded with the Inhabitants, to ſee the Woman who had done them ſuch a ſignal Service: But their Viſits gave her little Satisfaction, till one among them propoſed a Collection for her; and ſolicited ſo warmly in her Behalf, that before her Departure ſhe received upwards of ſixteen Pounds, beſides the eleven Guineas for the Horſe, *&c.* The Sight of ſo much Money gave her new Spirits, and ſhe purſued her Journey with a chearful Heart: Her Companions alſo were extremely joyful, on having ſo unexpectedly ſav'd their Money. For fear there might be more of the Fraternity upon the Road, Mrs. *Davies* reſerv'd a Brace of Piſtols, with

Powder and Ball giving Orders to the Waggoner, if he ſaw any Perſon that he ſuſpected, to ſtop the Waggon, and promiſing in ſuch caſe to alight to defend her Charge and his Paſſengers: But they arriv'd ſafe at *Cheſter*, without any other Accident by the Way, where the News of Mrs. *Davies*'s killing the Highwayman had got before them. In this City ſhe receiv'd a farther Collection of eleven Pounds fourteen Shillings, which gave her ſuch Spirits, that ſhe wiſh'd to meet with a Highwayman every Week: And, as great Actions employ the Poet's Pen, ſhe had the following Lines ſent her to her Inn at *Cheſter*.

All hail! great Roſs, *thou Glory of the Age;*
Such Deeds as thine are Subjects for the Stage.
The Amazonian *Race begins agen,*
And Females toil for Empire o'er the Men.
Go on, bold Heroine, like Hercules,
And puniſh Monſters both by Land and Seas:
Spread round thy Actions by the Mouth of Fame,
Till Tyrants tremble at thy glorious Name.
England *can boaſt a greater* Joan *than* France,
To uſe the Piſtol, *as ſhe did the* Lance:
Grant us, kind Heav'n, thy Fate be not the ſame
With Joan *of* Arc, *that famous* Gallic *Dame!*
The Frenchman *call'd her* Saint; *the* Engliſh [Witch;
And baſely clapp'd a Flambeau to her Breech.
'Tis oft the Fate of Devils here at home,
To riſe up virtuous, and be Saints in Rome.

Soon after this Mrs. *Davies* embark'd, and arriv'd ſafe at *Dublin*, whither we muſt now follow

follow her. She took a Houſe as near as poſſible to the Caſtle, having a great Dependence on Lord *C*------*t*'s Family. She was not diſappointed in her Expectations, for his Lordſhip was her beſt Benefactor, and his Servants her beſt Cuſtomers.

She ſtaid but one Year in *Ireland*, which was chiefly owing to her Inclination to ramble. While ſhe was in *Dublin*, ſhe happen'd one Day to ſpy the Rev. Mr. *Howell*, who, as we have ſaid before, robb'd her of her maiden Treaſure. He had alſo a Sight of her, and endeavour'd to ſpeak with her; but ſhe turn'd into a Coffee-Houſe and avoided him. Upon this he went home, and appear'd very melancholy. Every one enquired into the Cauſe of this viſible Alteration in his Countenance, and Behaviour, but his Siſter alone could extort the Secret from him. He told her he had ſeen Mrs. *Davies*, and that a Reflection on the Injury he had done her, gave him ſo much Pain, that he believ'd he ſhould never recover his Peace of Mind. The next Day he left *Dublin*, and about ſeven Weeks after, his Siſter meeting Mrs. *Davies*, read a Letter which gave her the melancholy Account of his having deſtroyed himſelf. Change of Kingdoms had made no Change in his Temper; his Sadneſs daily increaſed, and he could find no Eaſe, wherefore he reſolv'd to put an End to his Life. For this purpoſe he one Day roſe very early, and went into his Study: His Wife having prepar'd his Breakfaſt, ſent one of the Children to tell him it was ready; who having knock'd ſeveral Times at the Door, at laſt open'd it, and

found him hanging in his Saſh, quite dead. The Child ſcream'd out and alarm'd the Mother, who running up ſaw the diſtracted Sight. The poor Woman was inconſolable, for ſhe not only loſt a Huſband ſhe lov'd, but ſaw herſelf by that Loſs depriv'd of Bread, with eleven Children to maintain. Mr. *Howell*, ſome little time before he was guilty of this raſh Action, wrote a Letter to his Brother, wherein he tells him, that he was in a State of Deſpair, and bid him not to be ſurprized if he ſhould hear that he had laid violent Hands upon himſelf.

When Mrs. *Davies* had reſolv'd upon quitting *Dublin*, ſhe ſent a Letter to her Huſband to take a Houſe for her at *Cheſter*, which he did accordingly. Before her Departure, ſhe went to take Leave of Lord *C----t*, who to divert himſelf, would needs ſee the Ceremony of a Camp Marriage; ſo led Colonel *P-----t* and her into the Garden, where laying two Swords acroſs, they both jump'd over them, his Lordſhip performing the Function of a Prieſt, and pronouncing the following Words, *Jump Rogue, Follow Whore.* After the Ceremony was over my Lord gave them a Treat, and Mrs. *Davies* went on board the Yatch.

Colonel *M——y* and ſeveral Land-Officers were going to *England* in the ſame Veſſel. They aſk'd her if ſhe had a Paſs, which ſhe ſhew'd them, but the Captain of the Yatch, whoſe ſaucy Temper and Behaviour gave her Diſtaſte, coming to her in a gruff manner, ſaid, *D----n you, where's your Paſs?* She anſwer'd him in as rough a Style, and refuſed to let him

ſee

ſee it. On this he threatnen'd to ſend her back, and ſhe threaten'd to beat him; which was no ſmall Diverſion to the Officers, who would fain have ſet them together by the Ears, but the Captain had more Wit.

Having liv'd three Years at *Cheſter*, ſhe return'd to *Chelſea*, got her Huſband into the College, and for the Remainder of her Life was ſubſiſted chiefly by the generous Aſſiſtance of the Nobility and Gentry.

Long before her Death ſhe was afflicted with a Complication of Diſtempers, as *Dropſy*, *Scurvy*, &c. At length her Huſband being taken ill, ſhe would ſit up with him at Nights, whereby ſhe contracted a Cold that threw her into a continual Fever, which carried her off in a few Days. She died on the 7th of *July*, 1739, and was interr'd in the Burying-Ground belonging to *Chelſea-Hoſpital*, with military Honour.

F I N I S.

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